

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 355.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1823.

PRICE 1s.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Napoleon's Historical Memoirs.* Vol. III. 8vo.  
*Napoleon's Historical Miscellanies.* Vol. III. 8vo.  
London 1823. Colburn & Co.

THESE two volumes of continuation of Napoleon's history of France, and miscellaneous observation on former histories, have issued from the press too late in the week to admit of analysis. The first comprises the period from 1793 to 1796 (chiefly the Italian campaigns); the last embraces the wars of Turin, from 1644 to 1673, and the seven years' wars of Frederic II., from 1756 to 1763, besides notes on Buonaparte's own Egyptian Expedition, on the execution of the Duke d'Anguien, and on the intended invasion of England.

From the two latter, and a biographical sketch said to be dictated by Napoleon, and prefixed to the volume of Memoirs, we shall draw our brief illustrations for this Number of the Gazette.

The sketch thus sets out:

"Napoleon has commenced his Memoirs with the siege of Toulon. He did not consider his actions previous to that date as belonging to history; but public curiosity requiring information respecting the origin and progressive elevation of a man who has played so grand a part on the theatre of life, it is therefore conceived that some notice of his family, his early years, and the commencement of his distinguished career, will not be misplaced here.

The Bonapartes are of Tuscan origin. In the middle ages they figured as senators of the republics of Florence, San Miniato, Bologna, Savana, and Treviso, and as prelates attached to the court of Rome. They were allied to the Medici, the Orsini, and Lomellini families. Several of them were engaged in the public affairs of their native states; whilst others employed themselves in literary pursuits at the period of the revival of letters in Italy. Giuseppe Bonaparte published one of the first regular comedies of that age, entitled *The Widow*; copies of which exist in the libraries of Italy, and in the Royal Library at Paris, where is also preserved the History of the Siege of Rome, by the Constable de Bourbon, of which Nicolo Bonaparte, a Roman prelate, is the author. This narrative is highly esteemed.

"In the fifteenth century, a younger branch of the Bonaparte family settled in Corsica." At the time of the campaign of

"Zopf, in his Summary of Universal History, (Precis de l'histoire universelle) 20th edition, says that a selen of the Comenna family, who had claims to the throne of Constantinople, retired into Corsica in 1462, and that several members of that family bore the name of *Calomeros*, which is perfectly identical with that of Bonaparte.

καλον μερος  
bona pars.

It may hence be concluded that this name has been Italianized.

We do not believe that this circumstance was ever known to Napoleon."

Italy, there was no one left of all the Italian branches, but the Abbé Gregorio Bonaparte, Knight of St. Stephen, and Canon of San Miniato. He was an old man of great respectability and wealth. Napoleon, in his march on Leghorn, stopped at San Miniato, and was received with his whole staff at the house of his relation. During supper, the conversation turned entirely on a Capuchin, a member of the family, who had been beatified a century before; and the canon solicited the interest of the General-in-chief to procure his canonization. This proposal was several times made to the Emperor Napoleon after the concordat; but less importance was attached to these pious honours at Paris than at Rome.

"Those who are well acquainted with the Italian language know that it is optional to write *Buona* or *Bona*. The members of the Bonaparte family have used both these modes of orthography indiscriminately: of two brothers it has happened that one has written his name with the *u*, and the other without it. It seems that the suppression of this letter was common in very ancient times.

"The Christian name of *Napoleon* has also been the subject of much discussion. It was usual in the Orsini and Lomellini families, from whom it was adopted by that of Bonaparte. The manner of writing it has been disputed in Italy. Some pretended that it was derived from the Greek, and signified *Lion of the desert*; others that it was derived from the Latin. The correct way of writing it is *Napoleone*. This name is not found in the Roman calendar. From the searches made in the martyrologies at Rome, at the period of the Concordat, it appears that Saint Napoleone was a Greek martyr.

"Napoleon's great grandfather had three sons, Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien. The first of these left only one son, whose name was Charles; the second left only a daughter, named Elizabeth, who was married to the head of the Ornano family; the third was a priest, and died in 1791, aged eighty years; he was archdeacon of the chapter of Ajaccio. Charles, who thus became the only heir to his father, was the father of Napoleon. He was educated at Rome and Pisa, where he took his degree of Doctor of Laws."

After relating the circumstances of his father's marriage, history, and family, &c. till he had himself spent six years at Brienne, the Dictator proceeds:

"In 1783, Field-marshal the Chevalier Kergaron, inspector of the military schools, selected him to pass the following year to the military school at Paris, to which three of the best scholars, chosen by the inspector, were annually sent from each of the twelve provincial schools. Napoleon remained only eight months at Paris. In the month of August 1785 he was examined by the Academician Laplace, and received the brevet of a second lieutenant of artillery in the regiment of La Fère; he was then sixteen years of age. Phelipeaux, Pécaduc, and Damasis, passed at

the same examination: they all three emigrated at the commencement of the Revolution. The first defended St. Jean d'Acre, where he evinced much talent, and where he died; the second was a Breton, and attained the rank of major in the Austrian army; the third, who returned to France during the consulate, was appointed administrator of the crown moveables, and chamberlain.

"The regiment of La Fère was at Valence, in Dauphiny, where Napoleon kept garrison for the first time. Some commotions having taken place in the town of Lyons, he was sent thither with his battalion. This regiment afterwards passed to Douay in Flanders, and to Auxonne in Burgundy. In 1791 Napoleon was made a captain in the regiment of artillery of Grenoble, then in garrison at Valence, whither he returned. The revolutionary ideas began to prevail: Part of the officers emigrated. Gouville, Vanbois, Galbo Dufour, and Napoleon, were the four captains who, having preserved the good opinion of the soldiers, kept them within the limits of order.

"Napoleon was in Corsica for six months in 1792. He took the earliest opportunity of waiting on Paoli, with whom his father had been intimate. Paoli received him in a very friendly manner, and did all in his power to retain him, and keep him out of the way of the disturbances with which the mother-country was threatened.

"In January and February 1793, Napoleon was intrusted with a counter attack on the North of Sardinia, whilst Admiral Truguet was operating against Cagliari. The Expedition not having succeeded, he brought his troops safely back to Bonifacio. This was his first military achievement, and obtained him testimonials of the attachment of the soldiers, and a local reputation.

"A few months after, Paoli, against whom an accusation had been decreed by the senate, threw off the mask and revolted. Previously to declaring himself, he communicated his scheme to the young artillery officer, of whom he used frequently to say, 'You see that youth; he is a man for a Platarch's biography.' But all the persuasions and influence of this venerable old man were unavailing.

"The Bonaparte family retired to Nice, and afterwards into Provence; their property was devastated; their house, after being pillaged, was long used as barracks by an English battalion. Napoleon, on reaching Nice, was preparing to join his regiment, when General Dugear, who commanded the artillery of the Army of Italy, required his services, and employed him in the most delicate operations. A few months after, Marseilles revolted; the Marseillaise army got possession of Avignon; the communications of the army of Italy were cut off; there was a want of ammunition; a convoy of powder was intercepted; and the general-in-chief was greatly embarrassed by these circumstances, General Dugear sent Napoleon to the Marseillaise insurgents, to try to induce them to

let the convoys pass, and at the same time to take all necessary measures to secure and accelerate their passage. He went to Marseilles and Avignon, had interviews with the leaders of the insurgents, convinced them that it was their own interest not to excite the resentment of the Army of Italy, and got the convoys forwarded.

"During these proceedings, Toulon had surrendered to the English: Napoleon, now a lieutenant-colonel (*chef de bataillon*), was ordered on service to the siege of Toulon, on the proposal of the committee of artillery. He joined the besieging army on the 12th of September 1793.

"During his residence at Marseilles, when sent to the insurgents, having an opportunity of observing all the weakness and incoherence of their means of resistance, he drew up a little pamphlet, which he published before he left that city. He endeavoured to open the eyes of these frantic people, and predicted that the only result of their revolt would be to furnish a pretext to the men of blood of the day, for sending the principal persons amongst them to the scaffold. This pamphlet produced a powerful effect, and contributed to calm the agitation which prevailed."

Such are the principal incidents which Buonaparte chuses to state previous to what he considers his public life.

From the documents relating to the Duke d'Enghien we gather little new, except that a Marquis Thumery was, from a similarity of sound in the name, supposed to be Dumouriez, and arrested for that famous General, along with the unfortunate Prince. Charlot, who seized the prisoners, reports among other things—

"The Duke d'Enghien has assured me that Dumouriez has not been at Ettenheim; that he might possibly, nevertheless, have been charged to bring him instructions from England; but that he should not have received him, because his rank did not allow of his holding communication with such people; that he esteemed Bonaparte as a great man, but that, being a prince of the house of Bourbon, he had vowed an implacable hatred against him, as well as against the French, with whom he would wage war on all occasions."

"He is extremely fearful of being taken to Paris; and I believe that, in order to carry him thither, he must be very vigilantly guarded. He expects that the First Consul will confine him, and says he repents his not having fired on me, as that would have decided his fate by arms."

The papers on the projected invasion of England, show with what intensity Buonaparte contemplated that measure—we extract a few of the most striking parts. Admiral Villeneuve's instructions were framed to this result: "If your presence gives us the command of the sea, off Boulogne, for three or four days, we shall have it in our power to effect our expedition, with 160,000 men embarked in 2000 vessels."

Variations of the plans are afterwards suggested, and it is summed up: "They directed him to repair to Brest, after having rallied the Ferrol fleet and the squadron under Rear-Admiral Lallemand, composed of five French ships, and the *Regulus*, a seventy-four, which he would find at Vigo, where he was to terminate his cruise to the west of Ireland. Admiral Villeneuve, with his fleet of twenty sail, would have been joined by

eleven French and five Spanish ships from Ferrol, and the six from Vigo, making a total of forty-two. He would have entered the Channel, after raising the blockade of Brest roads, and receiving Admiral Gantheaume's fleet of twenty-one sail. Thus sixty-three ships of the line, French and Spanish, would have appeared off Boulogne, had not their number been diminished by engagements and unforeseen events. (*Register of Orders, &c.* Milan, May 9.)

"Up to that period these arrangements had been attended with success."

But then, as at Waterloo, Fortune's eldest daughter interfered to spoil the best of all possible plans.

"Unfortunately for France, the execution of these plans, which could only be confided to naval men, was exactly the reverse of the calculations and arrangements. Lord Nelson, an admiral of the most daring resolution, corrected the errors arising from the unskillfulness of the ministry which employed him. Admiral Villeneuve, whom Napoleon had already accused of a want of resolution, at the time of the battle of Aboukir, (*Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 190,) and who, in General Lauriston's report from Corunna, dated the 3d of August, was contrasted with Admiral Gravina, 'who is all genius and decision in battle,' (*Book of Instructions and Orders of Napoleon—Navy*), spoiled the operations intrusted to his management, executing his instructions and orders weakly or injudiciously."

"On returning into the European seas, Admiral Villeneuve had an engagement with Admiral Calder, on the 22d and 23d of July, fifty leagues from Cape Finisterre. He could not avoid this action, but did not avail himself of the advantages he possessed. He was blamed by Napoleon, who gave orders that Admiral Gantheaume should take the command at Brest. (*Book of Instructions, &c.* Boulogne, 13th and 20th of August.) Villeneuve put into Corunna, and afterwards into Ferrol, whence he sailed on the 13th of August, with thirty-four ships, gave no orders to the Vigo squadron, and instead of repairing to Brest, according to his last orders and his letters to Rear-admiral Lallemand, he went to Cadiz to get himself blockaded there. Napoleon ordered the Minister of marine to make him a report on the conduct of Admiral Villeneuve, and to bring him before a council of inquiry. (*Book of Instructions, &c.* Boulogne, August 28.) Admiral Rosilly was appointed to succeed him. A victory was now become necessary to Admiral Villeneuve; and he went and fought the disastrous battle of Trafalgar."

"We shall not now bring forward any more of the proofs, afforded by the various documents in our possession, of the wisdom of Napoleon's dispositions for employing the French fleets of men-of-war, in aiding the invasion of England by the army of the coast of Boulogne."

"The junction of the French and Spanish squadrons had occasioned too great a loss of time; the descent ought to have been effected, at latest, before the end of August."

Buonaparte, however, 8th Sept. 1815, thus instructs his Minister of Marine:

"I wished to have assembled forty or fifty ships of war in the port of Martinique by combined operations from Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest, to bring them all at once back to Boulogne, to become, by these means, master of the sea for a fortnight; to have 150,000 men and 10,000 horses encamped on

that coast; 3 or 4000 vessels of the flotilla in readiness, and the moment signals should be made of the arrival of my fleet, to land in England and possess myself of London and the Thames. This plan failed of success. But if Admiral Villeneuve, instead of entering Ferrol, had contented himself with rallying the Spanish squadron, and had sailed for Brest to join Admiral Gantheaume, my army would have landed; it would have been all over with England."

Next come the mystifications, but as they did not succeed, and it was not all over with England, we leave the project to sleep with the projector.

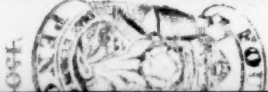
*Illustrations of the Author of Waverley; being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, Incidents, &c. presumed to be described in his Works.* 18mo. pp. 219. Edinburgh, R. Chambers.

The publications by the Author of *Waverley* are like great kites, which not only rise high in air themselves, but pull after them a whole string of paper followers; or the Author may be compared to a Celtic Chieftain, who never moves without his Tail. Some of these appendages, however, (as we have frequently had occasion to notice,) are pleasant enough to behold; and we are now so accustomed to them, that a northern Novel without its succeeding engravings, historical republications, illustrative researches, &c. &c. would be like a boy's kite or a highland leader without the tail aforesaid.

The little volume before us is, in compilation from matters already known through periodical works and original information, an agreeable appendix to the *Waverley* series. It is probably correct in developing some of the characters and scenes on which the Scottish Shakspeare has founded his delightful fictions; but even if that should not be the case, it contains many things in themselves entertaining.

In one or two instances it is disfigured by a flippancy of language alike estranged from humour and good sense, at which we are the more surprised, as in other respects the writer betrays no want of the latter national quality. How could he, in talking of the instantly-closing blank which the death of a mere pot-house reveller makes in society, use expressions so silly as these?—"Such a person as he, is no more missed in the world than a sparrow or a bishop; it never was very distinctly known by his friends how or where he died; it was alone recorded of him, as of the Antediluvian Patriarchs,—that he died." Surely the writer must have felt that such comparisons are unseemly and ridiculous, and calculated to convey a very bad impression of any book in which they appear, and the idea of a weak understanding in their author. Yet in this instance there is a sense of better performances: for example, the reflections of the change of manners in Edinburgh since the time of the Pleydells and Drivers of Guy Mannering:

\* "On the announcement (it is added) of the event to a party of his old drinking friends, who were all of course very decently surprised, &c. one of them, while the news were yet warm, summed up his elegy in the following terms:—'Lord! is Rob dead at last?—Weel that's strange indeed!—I drank six half mutchkins wi' him down at the Hen's only three nights sin'!' (Then raising his voice,) 'Bring us in a biscuit wi' the next gill, mistress—Rob was aye fond o' larks!'—And they ate a biscuit to his memory!"



"The retainers of the law in our own day, differ considerably from their predecessors who roared away existence so gloriously in Clerihugh's and Lucky Wood's. But yet it is more in manner than in feature that they are changed. The men have been metamorphosed precisely according to the age. The steady, staunch Bacchanalianism of those times, which would prompt men to sit night and day, holding convivial orgies in the cozy profundities of the High Street, and losing all base recollections of business and daylight in the glorious jollities of High Jinks, have suffered a dreadful defalcation in the progress which civilization and refinement have made in the present small-beer age. The days of the Lucky Woods and the Lucky Finlaysons are gone, and the Covgate can no more produce such worthies. The present 'public-house' in that street is a mean, boxed, sanded, uncomfortable place, compared with the countrie, Bacchanalian den, from whence issued Driver, 'his month still greasy with mutton pies, and the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsidised on his upper lip.' There now exist few of those eddy-corners retired from the main stream of dissipation, round whose small circles calm, sober, seasoned, sterling drinkers like Driver, could ride at convenient anchor, enjoying themselves in a quiet way, secure from the rougher debauch of the current. There still, indeed, do remain one or two taverns of ancient and established reputation, deeply hidden in the impervious wynds of the Old Town, and only known and frequented by such of those veteran, true-blue, last century characters, as still survive unbarred in this degenerate capital, to dignify its streets with the ivory-headed cane, the buckled breeches and the stately genteel air of 1780. To some readers it may be pleasant to know, that genuine 'tippenny,' the liquor upon which our simple ancestors used to get dead drunk for a groat, is still sold secretly to a few choice old spirits of the above description, who hold a 'nightly club in one of the most intricate hells of Halkerstons wynd. But alas! these antiquated temples of conviviality that have so long survived, like ruins in the desert, to tell the tale of a past age, are fast dying out, or what is nearly as bad, modifying themselves down into new forms, according to the innovations of the latter days. All the vast world of Edinburgh must have heard of the venerable house in Libberton's wynd, so long kept by that kindest of landlords, good old Johnnie Dowie; where Ferguson, H\*\*\*\*, Crossbie, Burns, and Lord Gardenstone, spent so many nights of social delight. *O tempora, o mores!* its present possessors have lighted it with gas and gilt its signboard! The room termed *the Coffin*, in which Burns wrote 'Willie brewed a peck o' maun,' and scribbled verses upon the walls,—*O infernum!*—they have covered all over with green cloth and given it a new table!—*Hec, domus antiqua! quai dispari dominaris domino!*"

But it is now fitting to examine the resemblances discovered by the writer in a regular course. Setting out with *Waverley*, and ending with *Kenilworth*, he finds, *imprimis*, that the concealment of the Baron of Bradwardine, and the amenities between that character and Colonel Talbot, are parallel to the adventures of Alexander Stuart, of Invernahyle, and Colonel Whiteford; and that Bradwardine himself may be drawn from Lord Pitalgo, who held the same station in the rebel army which is assigned to him in

the Novel. David Gellatley is said to be "Daft Jock Gray," a well-known "natural" in the southern counties of Scotland. Of this fellow, among others one curious story is told:

"Daft Jock Gray once received an affront from his mother, who refused to gratify him with an extra allowance of bannocks, at a time when he meditated a long journey to a New-year's day junketing. Whereupon being inspired with a most Byronic hatred of the whole human race, to which the insult of one being, of course, very reasonably entitled him, he went up to the top of the steepest of the Eildon hills, at that time deeply covered with snow, and played a *pliskie* worthy of Satan himself, who has the reputation among the country people of having created this part of the world! He rolled a huge snowball till it became too large in its accumulation for his strength, and then taking it to the edge of the declivity, sent it rolling down the hill like an Alpine avalanche, gathering in its course to such an enormous magnitude, that when it descended to the plain it seemed a younger brother of the three Eildons. This mass was found, when it had fully melted away through the ensuing summer, to have licked up with its mountain tongue, thirty-five withered whin-bushes, nineteen hares, three ruined cottages, besides a whole encampment of peat stacks!!"

The Pleydell of *Guy Mannering* was a Mr. Crossbie, "who flourished for many years at the head of the Scottish Bar, and was well known for his integrity and abilities as a counsel, about the period referred to in the Novel. He resided for the greater part of his life at the foot of Allan's Close. From this place he was in the habit of walking every morning to the Parliament House, dressed in his gown and wig; there being at that time no functionaries about the Court to dress and induce these habiliments, as are employed in the present more ceremonious times. It was also the simple custom of that period, though modern barristers would now shudder at every curl to think of such a practice, to see counsel in John's Coffee-house over a gill of brandy and a bunch of raisins, which were then slangily denominated 'a cock and a feather.' In this venerable tavern, Mr. Crossbie was frequently to be found; but his favourite resort was that place so well described in *Guy Mannering*, under the name of 'Clerihugh's.' This was a well frequented and respectable house in the Anchor Close, kept by a person familiarly termed *Dannie Christie*, where a splendid Bacchanalian ceremony was wont to be performed on Saturday nights, by the lawyers who resorted thither; among whom were many of the highest characters both at the bar and on the bench. Supper, consisting of *tripe and minced collops*, was served up at the moderate rate of sixpence per head. The game of *High Jinks*, as it was played in the Novel, seems to differ in every respect from the 'Hy-jinks' which is described in a note to Maggy Johnston's Elegy, by Allan Ramsay. The lapse of time and the change of manners, in the course of sixty years, may perhaps have contributed to the alteration."

"The celebrated Lord Gardenstone once performed on Mr. Crossbie a practical joke of a very humorous nature. This gentleman, in the course of a walk from Morningside, where he resided, met a rustic going to Edinburgh in order to hear his cause pled that forenoon, in which Mr. C. had been retained as counsel. The facetious Senator directed the man to procure a dozen or two of fat-

things at a snuff-shop in the Grassmarket, to wrap them separately up in white paper under the disguise of guineas, and to present them, as occasion served, in the capacity of fees. Mr. C.'s heart not happening to be particularly interested in the case, he could not help frequently flagging in his eloquence, to the imminent danger of being non-suited. His treacherous client, however, kept close behind his back, and ever and anon as he perceived him bringing his voice to a cadence for the purpose of closing the argument, slipped the other farthing into his hand. The repeated application of this silent encouragement, so far stimulated Mr. C. in his exertions, that he strained every nerve his soul possessed, in grateful zeal for the interest of his client; and precisely at the fourteenth farthing, gained the cause. The denouement of the conspiracy, which took place immediately after in John's Coffee-house, over a bottle of wine, with which Mr. Crossbie had treated Lord Gardenstone from the profits of his pleading, can only be imagined!"

The Driver of the Novel was this gentleman's clerk. He is distinguished as Robert H\*\*\*\*, who "sat night and day in particular taverns; and, in short, completely realised what Pleydell asserted of Driver, that 'sheer ale supported him under every thing—was meat, drink, and cloth; bed, board, and washing.'"

To Dominic Sampson a striking likeness is traced in "Mr. James Sanson," the son of a miller in Berwickshire, who among his other tutorial engagements, soon after 1784, "removed to the house of Mr. Thomas Scott, uncle of the celebrated Sir Walter, whose family then resided at Ellioston, in the county of Roxburgh. While superintending this gentleman's children, he was appointed to a higher duty, the charge of Carlenridge Chapel, in the parish of Hawick; which he performed regularly every Sunday, at the same time that he attended the education of the family through the week. We may safely conjecture that it was at this particular period of his life he first was honoured with the title of *Dominie Sanson*."

"He was next employed by the Earl of Hopetoun, as Chaplain to that nobleman's tenants at Leadhills; where with an admirable but unfortunate tenaciousness of duty, he patiently continued to exercise his honourable calling, to the irreparable destruction of his own health. The atmosphere being tainted with the natural effluvia of the noxious mineral which was the staple production of the place, though incapable of influencing the health of those who had been accustomed to it from their infancy, had soon a fatal effect upon the life of poor Sanson."

His learning, abstracted habits, and simplicity, coincide closely with his celebrated eidolon.

Dandie Dinmont, it is supposed, may be the general representative of his species, the 'lads of Liddesdale.'" But

"The gentleman to whom the honour has been assigned with the greatest probability of justice, was unfortunately one who considered a place in the works of the immortal Author rather as a condemnation than as an exaltation to everlasting fame. Mr. Davidson of Hindley appears to have viewed the humour of the Liddesdale hero, as detailed in the Novel and identified with the peculiarities of his own private life, more in the light of stigmas of infamous notoriety, than as assistances to honourable renown. The



public opinion, after all, was directed towards him, more from the community of designation which was found to exist between the respective dogs of the real and the imaginary character, than from any precise similitude that could be adduced to the honest farmer himself. Mr. Davidson, it seems, had decreed the hereditary titles of his terriers to be unalterably and unalienably 'Pepper and Mustard'; and the men of Liddesdale took the opportunity of exonerating themselves of the charge of being the originals of Dandie Dinmont, by throwing the whole imputation upon the shoulders of Mr. Davidson."

Meg Merrilies was primarily a Jean Gordon, a gipsy, at Kirk-Yetholm.

In the *Antiquary*, one Andrew Gemmels is proposed as the original of Edie Ochiltree; and a minister near Arbroath as that of the Antiquary himself. A great part of this Novel, it is also stated, is thought to be founded on facts; and "the fraud of Donsterswivel is said to have been of real occurrence in the case of some silver mines attempted to be set on foot near Innerleithen by the Earl of T—."

Rob Roy is the well-known Macgregor, and hardly needs elucidation. The *Black Dwarf*, however, which is more curious, is asserted to have been a real living character, one David Ritchie, "a pauper, who lived the greater part of a long life, and finally died so late as the year 1811, in a solitary cottage situated in the romantic glen of Manor, in Peebles-shire. This vale, now rendered classic ground by the abode of the *Black Dwarf*, was otherwise formerly remarkable, as having been the retirement of the illustrious and venerable Dr. Adam Fergusson;" to whom Sir W. Scott was a frequent visitor. — "In 1820, the writer of the present narrative visited the deserted hut of 'Bowed Davie,' actuated by a sort of pilgrim respect for scenes hallowed by the deifying attention of genius. The little mansion at present existing, is not that built by the Dwarf's own hands, but one of later date, erected by the charity of a neighbouring gentleman in the year 1802. A small tablet of free-stone, bearing this date below the letters D. R. was still to be seen in the western gable. The eastern division of the cottage, separated from the other by a partition of stone and lime, and entering by a different door, was still inhabited by his sister. It is remarkable that even with that near relation he was never on terms of any affection; an almost complete estrangement having subsisted between these two lonely beings for many years. — It was a curious trait in the character of David Ritchie, that he was very superstitious. Not only had he planted his house, his garden, and even his intended grave, all round with the mountain ash, but it is also well authenticated that he never went abroad without a branch of this singular antidote, tied round with a red thread, in his pocket, to prevent the effects of the evil eye. When the *sanctus sanctorum* of his domicile were so sacrilegiously ransacked after his death, there was found an elf-stone, a small round pebble bored in the centre, hung by a cord of hair passed through the hole to the head of his bed!"

In *Old Mortality*, Robert Paterson is pointed out by the same name as a real personage; and some interesting anecdotes are given of Balfour of Burleigh. Lady Margaret Belenden, it is supposed, "was the old Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, who lived till the year 1716, in the Castle of Avondale, which is

situated in a wild part of Lanarkshire, within a few miles of London Hill, and at the entrance of the mairs which the troops of Claverhouse are described to have passed in their progress to the Battle of Drumclog. Avondale Castle, which was perhaps *Tillietudlem*, has, since the decease of that Lady, been uninhabited, and is now in ruins." But another guess makes Tillietudlem "Craig Nathan Castle," also in Lanarkshire, and lying near the road between Lanark and Hamilton. Sites, however, are not so interesting as characters.

The *Heart of Midlothian* of course rests on the circumstances of the famous Porteous Mob. In truth, Robertson escaped from the church before the service began, and was hotly pursued; and though the author has chosen him "for the hero of the Tale, and invested him with many attributes worthy of that high character, historical accuracy obliges us to record that he was merely a stabler. He kept an inn in Bristo Street, and was a man of rather dissipated habits. He is supposed to have gone abroad subsequent to his escape, for he never was heard of after that event. —

"Daddie Ratcliffe" (not his character, as the author carelessly writes,) who makes such a conspicuous figure in the *Heart of Midlothian*, was a real person of the same name, as may be found by examination of the Criminal Records of Scotland. Jeanie Deans was a Helen Walker; but the story has run the gauntlet of the press, and we will not repeat it.

In the *Bride of Lammermoor*, we think the annotator fails in making out the resemblance to Caleb, though he shows up an odd lying character in Andrew Davidson, innkeeper at Ancrum Bridge. Nor do we find aught worthy of remark on the other Novels, except, perhaps, a pleasing illustration of the *Monastery* (Melrose Abbey,) and Castle Avenel (Smailholm Tower, so poetically famed in the *Eve of St. John*.) Some Ciceroni at Melrose are said to represent Clutterbuck; but from a wee buiky we have already taken too much, and have only room to recommend it to the admirers of the Scottish Novels—in other words, to all the world.

*The Battle of the Bridge; or Pisa defended. A Poem in ten Cantos.* By S. Maxwell, Esq. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 312. Edinburgh, Archibald Constable & Co.; London, Hurst, Robinson & Co.

THERE are three things unto which poetry may be likened: an enchanted castle, marriage, and emigration. It is like an enchanted castle, for, though difficult of access, and surrounded by the mondering remains of those who have perished in the attempt, yet, undismayed by the ill success of their predecessors, thousands continue the assault, and sharing the common fate of former assailants, perish and are forgotten, for

Stalwart of arm the knight must be  
Who shall win an entrance free.

In one particular does this castle, however, differ from all others that have existed before, either in reality, rhyme, or romance; the combatants used to come at least well armed to battle,\* while the assailants of the castle of fair poesy, rush, a rude undisciplined train, with no chance of success, save that self-

\* See Dr. Meyrick's pretty pictures of knights and warriors in steel waistcoats, as stiff as the stays of modern dandies.

deceiving kind of hope and courage yeelp confidence. It is like marriage,—for, though that has been styled the greatest of all lotteries, yet each one hopes his own chance may be a prize. And, lastly, it is like emigration—for we fear poets resemble too many emigrants, who set off in search of some *pays de Cocaigne*, which but exists in their own imagination, or at least was never known out of book. Or, to drop all metaphor, never was the attainment of a high place among acknowledged poets more difficult than at present, even to the possessors of great and brilliant talents; yet never was the quantity of poetry published so immense, nor so much of it the utterest rubbish. For one only tolerable poem there come out fifty miserably bad; and the Battle of the Bridge is, we are sorry to say, not among the foremost. The story, which is so intricate for detail, is founded on an event in the history of Pisa, in which the repelling of a night attack led to an institution in honour of its gallant defenders—a festival called, from the circumstance it commemorates, *La Battaglia del Ponte*. We extract the note which relates to it:

"The mock fight usually exhibited every third year on this bridge, is, perhaps, the only remaining vestige of those athletic games, heretofore so common among the Greeks and Romans. The amusement consists in a battle fought by nine hundred and six combatants, who, clothed in coats of mail, and armed with wooden clubs, dispute for forty-five minutes the passage of the bridge. The strongest combatants possess themselves of the field of battle, and when it is possible to employ stratagem, they never let slip the opportunity; but to fight in earnest is forbidden: nevertheless, this mock encounter frequently costs lives, and is therefore but seldom permitted, though one of the most beautiful spectacles in Italy. Some authors tell us it was instituted by Pelops, son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia; others think it was established by Nero; while others believe it to have been originally celebrated in memory of the defeat of Musetto, king of Sardinia, which happened in the year 1005, upon a bridge at Pisa."

We shall only mention, that the lover of the patriot heroine, Chinzica, is, through the machinations of a kind of Catiline, Catalea, suspected of the murder of her brother Rhodoro, who, however, re-appears during Albino's trial, disconcerts Catalea's plots, and concludes the poem as usual with death and marriage: he is hanged in chains, like five, or, we should rather say, four men and a half that pendulate near Greenwich, for the edification of all the evil inclined, while Chinzica and Albino are wedded. There is a high poetical vein in the author, yet much of his poetry is really ridiculous; what can we say to such trash as follows, sung by the Crazy Jane of the poem—

The flowers of the field are withered,  
The leaves of the forest are dropp'd,  
The blessings of Heaven are gather'd,  
And the souls of the wicked are cropp'd.

The frog spawn hath blacken'd the pool,  
The torrent hath broke down its bed,  
The lamb hath been shorn of its wool,  
And the church-yard hath cast up its dead.

On the spire of the steeple  
The cock's crest shined,  
Till it lost its glitter  
By the change of the wind.

There is a bird in the air,  
There is a fish in the sea;  
And the fish and the bird  
Will come at a word;  
And the bird and the fish  
Will come at a wish;  
But I'll not tell the secret to thee, Lady!  
I'll not tell the secret to thee.

There is a stone on the ground;  
There is a flower on the tree;  
And the stone and the flower  
Submit to my power;  
And the flower and the stone  
Submit to my throne;  
But I'll not tell the secret to thee, Lady:  
I'll not tell the secret to thee.  
For the bird is a dove,  
And that is my love,  
The fish is a shark,  
That bites in the dark;

The stone is a mill-stone to hang round my neck,  
And the flower amaranthine my bosom to deck.

Or such a string of interrogations as these:  
Does 't move a woman's generous breast,  
To see the man she loves distress'd?

Does 't agitate a lover's heart,  
A meeting after long apart?  
Does sister see without a tear,  
A much-mourn'd brother's friend appear?  
Does the soul shudder with affright  
At dungeon, chains, and midnight fight?  
Yea, verily, we think they do; and, in re-  
turn for having answered so many questions  
in a breath, we may be surely allowed to  
ask one—

Does 't not shock a reader's ear  
So many does 't's as are here?  
Mr. Maxwell says his poem attains the  
happy medium, between the epic and the  
romantic. On his epic pretensions we have  
little to say, simply because we have not been  
able to find them. As a romantic tale, it is  
very far from being destitute of merit; the  
incidents are much better put together than  
the rhymes; and many a four volumed tale  
of battle, murder, and sudden death, has  
been made out of much less interesting mat-  
erials—it is a very respectable romance spoilt.  
We shall close our review by one or two ex-  
tracts from a description of a Mount Etna  
eruption, in the author's best style, certainly  
much better than the general run of the  
poem—

The sun was newly set: and fair  
And still seem'd all the earth and air,—  
Save some light clouds that slowly flew,  
As if in upper sky it blew.  
I sat upon the ridge to rest,  
For I had had a weary day,  
And gazed upon the mountain vast,  
Which full outstretch'd before me lay.  
Its sides, which seem'd so smooth to lie,  
Far sloping on the western sky,  
From tapering top to wide-spread base,  
Appear'd a kingdom to embrace.  
Its motley dress: huge cap of snow;  
Broad forest belt; and all below,  
Chequer'd with such a varied robe  
As seem'd a type of all the globe.  
'Mid vine and olive-cultured spots,  
Rose towns, and villages, and cots;  
And verdant meads, and yellow corn,  
'Mid tracts of lava black and torn.  
While gazing, lo! I heard a sound,  
Like thunder muffled in the ground,  
A hollow, deep, half smother'd tone,  
As if the mountain gave a groan.  
The locust's small, hoarse, chimy voice,  
Ringing all round with ceaseless noise,

The black-bird's sweet song in the grove,  
The lark's the open fields above,  
At once are hush'd; and still as death,  
All nature seems to hold its breath;  
While flocks and herds, in groups around,  
Gaze toward the spot whence comes the sound.

Louder through earth, burst ceaseless roar;  
Higher through sky the blaze did soar;  
Brighter through forest shadows came  
The awful fierceness of the flame;  
As near, and nearer still I drew,  
And saw, from depths of that old wood,  
Where silence long had held its sway,  
And gloom defied the rays of day,  
Where giant oaks, and chestnuts grew,  
And lofty pines—the fiery flood  
Outburst, with flames,—and rocks up driven,  
As if the earth threw stars to heaven.

No river e'er I saw so broad  
And rapid as that fire-stream flow'd;  
Its cool sides forming its own banks;  
Bearing the close-ranged forest-ranks,  
Which, even while floating, upright stood,  
Like hell-trees growing from the flood,  
Which crackled, heaved, and smoked along,  
And boil'd, and crash'd the groves among.  
Each colour of fire did there prevail,  
From deepest red to brightest pale.  
Prone through the wood flow'd deep red glare,  
While fiercer hues blazed high in air.  
The bright pale with intense heat gleaming,  
Some stars, some almost like suns seeming,  
In millions,—all sized, all shaped, rocks,  
Outbursting with incessant shocks,  
Pass'd and repass'd, in ceaseless round,  
Now the sky spangling, now the ground.  
'Twas strange how earthy clump, and rock,  
Upheaved on these red waves, did mock  
The sight with wild fantastic shapes:  
Isles, towns, imps, dragons, giants, apes,  
Now raising sudden fiend-attacks,  
Now pouring fiery cataracts.  
'Twas strange to see that huge old wood  
Close darkly round the burning flood;  
And as the blazing rock-showers, flung  
Amid the shatter'd branches, rung,  
To see the wild birds on the wing,  
And hear their little voices sing,  
As if they hail'd another day,  
Yet scared at its portentous ray.

We should mention that Chinzica was the  
maiden name of the book, which Chinzica  
has done what few ladies object to doing,  
(even though it lead to an implication of  
strife and contest,) viz. changed her name—  
it is now entitled *The Battle of the Bridge*.

*London and Paris; or Comparative Sketches.*  
By the Marquis de Vermont, and Sir Charles  
Darnley, Bart. 8vo. pp. 293. London 1823.  
Longman & Co.

LETTERS\* from a pseudo French nobleman in  
London to his friend, an English Baronet in  
Paris, and *vice versa*, is somewhat of the  
oldest publication fashion, and does not ap-  
pear, *a priori*, to be the likeliest mode of illus-  
trating the manners of either capital; since  
the Frenchman would know more of Paris  
than of London, the Englishman more of  
London than of Paris; and yet they are made  
to change places in order to write about what  
they comprehend the least. Nevertheless,  
these essays, of serious and light, are not un-  
pleasantly got up, though they display neither

\* Most of these have appeared in the European  
Magazine.—Preface.

depth nor originality. We have been amused  
in gliding over them; but we cannot add  
that they have given us any new information  
on the subjects of which they treat. The  
Marquis especially fails to sustain his national  
character, and is as clearly a British writer  
as his correspondent Sir Charles, who whim-  
sically avails himself (see first letter) of "the  
opportunity of being at Brighton" to go to  
Paris!! Just as one would avail himself of  
the opportunity of being at Barnet to set off  
for York. Indeed we might fancy this per-  
sonage was the foreigner, from the slip-slop  
way in which he writes English: for example,  
page 4, on landing at Dieppe, he says, "the  
unaccustomed sounds of French and Patois  
which assaulted my ears, presented altogether  
a picture so different," &c. Only think of  
sounds presenting pictures to ears!

We observe that the author has not thought  
there was any harm in borrowing from Ma-  
thews' entertaining Diary of an Invalid; but  
certainly his main deficiency is in the assumed  
part of the Marquis, who thinks, indites, and  
philosophises precisely like an Englishman  
throughout. It requires indeed a great deal  
of information and tact to be able to describe  
the first impressions and feelings of a native  
of another country; much more than the  
writer before us possesses, and we shall,  
therefore, be very brief in our critique upon  
his work, confining ourselves to very few and  
very short extracts, and equally short remarks.

De Vermont writes of London society:

"It does indeed seem to me most extra-  
ordinary, that, at tables where such large  
sums are lavished in procuring every possible  
gratification for the eye and appetite, no re-  
gard should be paid to the mutual taste and  
feelings of the guests. I see every day the  
most glaring incongruities of this kind at  
houses, the owners of which would think  
themselves mortified and degraded, if their  
servants committed the slightest deviation  
from received usage in the arrangement of  
the various luxuries with which their table is  
loaded. Thus, I have remarked a beautiful  
and lively young girl seated between a super-  
annuated bean and a prim doctor of divinity—  
a blue-stocking belle, with a giddy officer of the  
guards on one side and a fox-hunting squire  
on the other—a lady of the evangelical school  
next a professed libertine—a talkative and  
speculative widow near a married man (who  
was also deaf)—and a violent oppositionist by  
the side of a peer in office. I have seen an  
author condemned to have for his neighbour  
the known writer of a critique, under the  
severity of which he was still smarting; and  
two Frenchmen placed side by side, who,  
though both emigrants to this country, were  
driven hither by the violence of their op-  
posite opinions, the one for his unabated attach-  
ment to the fallen Napoleon, and the other for  
his ultra zeal in the cause of legitimacy.  
In short, nothing can be more comical than  
the confusion produced by such ill-assorted  
parties, and I have sometimes been half-  
tempted to suspect that the giver of the *fête*  
had amused himself in bringing together the  
persons least suited to each other."

Now this strikes us as not only being ex-  
travagant, but English extravagance. Again:  
"You are strict moralists, and severely

+ Sir Charles is a little in the Patois way him-  
self sometimes, and makes free with French  
articles: he speaks, for instance, of *la Chaine*  
*Angloise* as a call at quadrille dancing,—the thea-  
tre *les François*, &c.

condemn our Government for checking some of the evils of gaming, by taking it under its direction; and, as vice cannot be avoided in a great city, for making it at Paris available to beneficial purposes, in applying the profits of the *Salon* and other similar establishments to the support of our hospitals and houses of relief for suffering poverty. Yet your parliament yearly sanctions the drawing of a Lottery—of all kinds of gaming decidedly the most pernicious, and one by which the lowest orders of society are lured to their ruin by an irresistible bait. In spite, too, of the pretended strictness of your manners, the most abandoned women are allowed to throng your streets, and to fill the lobbies and upper boxes of your national theatres."

Touching the lottery, the position is false: it is not half so pernicious to any order of society as the gaming tables, and does not affect the "lowest orders" at all: touching the other evil, it is pretty much the same in all great cities, and no characteristic of London. But Sir Charles is even with his friend on this score, for he tells of Paris:

"If I visit the *Palais Royal*, I find an equally gay crowd formed of persons presenting the utmost diversity of character. Here it is difficult to force one's way amidst soldiers, *abbés*, women of the town, and women of fashion, powdered *beaux* of the old régime, and black-haired and black-whiskered heroes of the new school, Knights of the Post, and Knights of all the Orders of Christendom, displaying the badges of their respective honours, though worn in many instances on coats whose torn sleeves and discoloured hues are little in unison with these splendid decorations; and the crowd of French people of every description is almost equalled by that of foreigners of all nations under the sun,—Turks, Jews, Germans, Russians, Greeks, and Englishmen, who come hither to stare at the articles displayed in the many-coloured shops,—to eat ice—dine—drink coffee—to be cheated in purchasing clothes, books, or trinkets—to lose their money at the gambling-tables, or their health at some of the various temples of vice which abound in these purlieus."

But we shall close the chapter with a quotation, the best we can find, descriptive of Parisian manners. It refers to a "*bal costumé donné aux enfans de ses amis*," by a Madame de Somebody:

"The whole entertainment was more novel, more gay, and more characteristic than any thing of the kind which I have yet witnessed. In a large and elegant saloon, brilliantly lighted and decked out on the occasion, with every possible additional ornament, accompanied by their respective parents (who were still in the full enjoyment of manly vigour, or the bloom of female beauty), appeared the destined representatives of some of your most illustrious houses, each of whom personated an assumed character, and wore an appropriate garb. A lovely Duchess held in her arms a little girl scarcely six months old, who was clad in the full attire of a superannuated lady of the last century, with a fly cap, long ruffles, stiff stays, and green spectacles. Besides an infant Hercules, a baby Alexander, and a pygmy Achilles, we had Presidents a mortier of the parliament of Paris, who (though the eldest was not more than eight years of age) preserved the full appearance of gravity becoming the robes of magisterial office."

"We had smart little *Abbés* scarcely three

feet high, who aped not unsuccessfully the effeminate manners and pert loquacity of those once well-known members of French society. We had Monks whose pillowed rotundity reminded us of the jolly friars of former days. We had miniature *dames prêtes de l'ancien régime*, with trains two thirds longer than the persons of the wearers, high *toupees*, high feathers, long lappets, powdered heads, and brilliant jewels. We had also *Maréchaux de France*, both of the old and new school; Cardinals, Statesmen, Legislators, Financiers, Merchants, Peasants, Turks, Jews, running footmen, flower-girls, *savants et savantes*, all correctly dressed and correctly acted, though very few of the exhibitors had reached their tenth birthday. But the most striking feature of the whole evening was the performance of a *real quadrille* (such as the courtiers of Louis XIV. were in the habit of dancing) by a party of youthful masqueraders correctly dressed after the best pictures of that age."

[The exhibitors never laid aside for one minute the gravity which they had been taught to assume.]

"While the performance was going forward, I could not help casting an eye on the brilliant circle of spectators which was formed round the dancers; and in those who composed it I recognised more than one immediate descendant of those illustrious visitors to the Hotel de Rambouillet, whom we now saw before us in miniature; and this circumstance added no trifling interest to the scene which was representing."

"When the dance was finished, the music changed to a march; the pages came forward and returned the swords, in a submissive attitude similar to that in which they had received them, to their respective *Seigneurs*; who, after renewing their bows to the company and their partners, gave the latter their hands, and conducted them out of the room with the same solemnity which they had observed on entering it."

"I must now mention, as a curious instance of national character early acquired, (for certainly you are the best actors in the world,) that these young people, on being called upon to repeat the whole of this exhibition at the request of an illustrious stranger who came too late to see the first performance, achieved with equal propriety the second task required from them, and without losing for a moment that self-possession and command of countenance which had already excited so much applause."

"I should mention, before I conclude this imperfect sketch of a most amusing evening, that at ten o'clock the eighty children who had appeared *en costume*, adjourned to the eating-room, where a splendid repast had been prepared for them."

"I was very much pleased with the politeness of the little Frenchmen, who, instead of rushing forward as so many English boys would have done, selected their favourite belles, and led them to the supper-table."

"Nor did they forget to put their napkins through their button-holes; in doing which they reminded me of my friend the *bon vivant* at Beauvillier's, who never begins his meal till this ceremony is performed."

"Here, however, their regard for good manners seemed to cease; for no *roturier's* sons could have eaten more ravenously than did these children of *la haute Noblesse*. They were waited on by their *bonnes* (or nurses, who wore their provincial dresses, which

added another curious feature to the scene. I smiled at remarking that not a few Marshals of France, Cardinals, and Presidents of Parliament, received a friendly hint from these good women, not to make themselves sick by eating too much; a piece of advice which seemed to be but little attended to."

"Among the many circumstances which threw a charm round this gala, I must add that the mothers of the juvenile exhibitors were still young themselves, and contained in their number some of the handsomest women at Paris."

Had the whole been in this style, we should have had the pleasure of offering a more favourable report; but as it is, we think the not inappropriate contributions to a periodical work were hardly worth the pains of collected publication."

*The Songs and Ballads of Robert Burns: including Ten never before published, &c. 18mo. pp. 320. London 1823. W. Clark.*

"INCLUDING ten never before published;—ten that never ought to have been published, ten that never would have been published, had the Editor of this volume possessed a single spark of feeling, or a single idea of decency."

Poor Burns, in his hours of wild and giddy revelry, produced these obscene follies, and others equally polluted and polluting. They are such as Libertinism itself would wish at its least serious moment to blot out for ever;—immoral, disgustingly indecent, and lamentably profane. Yet some vicious creature, pretending to an admiration of the otherwise illustrious bard, has stabbed his memory by the publication of what the most worthless of his predecessors have rejected, and indulged in a strain of depraved encomium only befitting so depraved a taste. We will not stain our page with any further notice of so scandalous a production, than to say, that it is every way dishonourable and infamous, a cruel injury to the dead, and an offence in the living which could only be visited with just severity of criticism were the offender tied to the cart's tail and annually whipped throughout the counties of Ayr, Dumfries, and Edinburgh.

TRAVELS IN NUBIA, SYRIA, ETC.

[By Captains Irby and Mangles: Second Notice.]

IN our last paper we laid before our readers some interesting particulars relating to, and from this volume, which, as we then mentioned, though well worthy of public attention, had been printed for private distribution. It is now our pleasing task to proceed with further illustrations of it; and for that purpose we apply to Letters IV. and V. which are devoted to novel and very curious excursions in the Holy Land.

In the first instance our travellers left Damascus, and sought, by the route taken by Burckhardt, the source of the Jordan. Descending this stream from Panias, at the southern extremity of the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, they were at first much incommoded by the marshy nature of the ground, and almost lost their horses in the swamps; but at length reached in safety the little lake of Houle, and thence got to Tiborias. Of this place they confirm the account of all other travellers, that the King of the Fleas does hold his court there; but the imposts are not levied by his own peculiar subjects alone, for our brave captains say:



"Here we were dreadfully bitten by a red sort of vermin which is the annoyance of camels in this country; it was soft like a maggot. In the morning we found ourselves studded all over with deep crimson spots, from which it would appear there is much venom in the bite of this disgusting animal. I shall take this opportunity of remarking, that a traveller in these countries, however much the very thoughts may shock him at first, must make up his mind, and reconcile his feelings, to being constantly covered with lice and fleas; we kill every day from ten to twenty of these guests, which are always to be found on every mat or cushion used in the country. These nauseous visitors seldom get into the head, but crawl about your shirt and clothes. Every native you see in the country is covered with vermin, and if you ask why they have such a plentiful store, while we are comparatively so little annoyed by them, they tell you 'it is the curse of God on them.' The other day I cut my foot, and our Arab Seys, (the same that has accompanied us all the way from Yaffa,) who is always washing himself, and is a very cleanly person, tore off a small piece of the sleeve of his shirt for my hurt; the piece was about three inches long, by two wide, and before using it, I killed three lice and two fleas on it; this will speak more than all I can say on the subject. Bugs are also very plentiful, and in Egypt our rooms were full of them."

Nor is his Majesty of the Fleas' dominions confined simply to Tiberias, for we are afterwards told, when speaking of the general habits, &c. of the Arabs of Palestine and its borders:

"It is surprising, that in so monotonous a life, they have no amusements, no games, no athletic employments, to make a little change in their custom of squatting down and smoking all day. All their carpets, cushions, sacks, and in short, every thing they have are covered with vermin, so that it is impossible to avoid them. We used to kill from off our clothes from forty to a hundred every day; and of a night, we frequently observed the Arabs searching and shaking their linen over the fire, the vermin making a cracking noise as they fell into the flames. Old Yousouf used to make a singular figure, with his sword drawn, detaching them from his back. At one time my sides were quite raw from scratching."

Yousouf, who attacked these adversaries so bravely sword in hand, is one of the most potent Arab Sheikhs in that part of the world; but the boldest general of the age must know that fleas are not to be intimidated by a great name or even a high command, if the blood of the individual be sweet, or provisions short. Rather than fast, these cannibals will feed on a hero. Escaping, well bitten, from Tiberias in company with Mr. Banks, Captains I. and M. journeyed by Tarichea, Om Keis, and Bysan, towards the Dead Sea.

"Bysan is supposed to be the Bethshan of scripture, afterwards called Scythopolis, the largest city of the Decapolis, and the only one on that side of the Jordan. It was to the wall of Bethshan that the body of Saul was fastened after he was slain.

"We employed ourselves (continues the relation) in inspecting the ruins. The principal object is the theatre, which is quite distinct, but now completely filled with weeds; it measures across the front, as well as we can remember, one hundred and eighty feet,

and it has this singularity above all other theatres that we have ever seen, viz. that those oval recesses half way up the theatre, mentioned by Vitruvius as being constructed to contain the brass sounding tubes, are found here; as Mr. B. had not lately read Vitruvius, we were quite at a loss what use to apply these very curious cells to; there are seven of them, and Vitruvius mentions that even in his day very few theatres had them."

Near *Tabathat Fahkil*, at a short distance, and apparently as ancient as Bysan, they saw the spot where Elijah was fed by the ravens. The whole country is covered with Roman antiquities, roads, milestones, bridges, &c. Striking in towards the interior for Djerash, (said from the *idem sonans* to be the Gerasa, but being more probably the Pella of ancient times,) they came into contact with the cunning and greedy tribes of Arabia.

"March 16. It rained hard; but had it been fine, the natives of Souf refused to attend us any more to Djerash, telling us the old story of their terror of the dytchmaan. In the afternoon the interpreter and soldier of Mr. Banks arrived, with a young prince of the Benesuekher Arabs and ten of his men, all of the Benesuekher tribe; the prince, named Ebyn Fayes, was attended by his mace-bearer; the mace was of iron, hollow, and about two feet long. They were well mounted and armed, and as they galloped down the hill, firing their pistols and manœuvring with their spears, they made a curious and interesting appearance. Mr. B. had dispatched the interpreter and soldier from Adjeleonn to the Benesuekher camp, for a guard to conduct us to the several places lying east of the Jordan and Dead Sea, which we wished to visit: he had a list of places which Burkhardt had visited, and a note of his route by Kerek and Wady Mousa, intending to pass from the latter to the south end of the Dead Sea, and by Hebron to Jerusalem. The interpreter, however, could only make a bargain with these people as far as Kerek."

But even this they failed to fulfil, and when baffled in their extortions, became so decidedly inimical, that the *Frangi* were fortunate in effecting their escape from them. They, however, visited Hebron,\* the ancient Kiriath Arba, said to be of higher antiquity than Memphis, and the place where Abraham, Sarah, and Isaac, died. Thence they got to Djerash, so little known to Europeans, its antiquities having only been discovered by Seetzen in 1806, and since visited by Sir W. Chatterton, Mr. Leslie, Sheikh Ibrahim, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Buckingham. Of Djerash they were enabled to take a tolerably complete survey; and their account of its principal features is as follows:

"It has been a splendid city, built on two sides of a valley, with a fine stream running through it; the situation is beautiful. The town has been principally composed of two main streets, crossing each other in the centre at right angles, like Antioch. The streets have been lined with a double row of columns, some of which are Ionic and some Corinthian; the pavement is exceedingly good, and there is an elevated space on each side for foot passengers; the marks of the chariot wheels are visible in many parts of the streets."

\* "According to Moses, this place vied with the best cities of Egypt in antiquity. 'Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt.' Josephus makes it not only older than Zoan, or Tanais, but also than Memphis."

It can "boast of more public edifices than any city we have seen. There are two theatres, two grand temples, one, as appears by a Greek inscription, dedicated to the sun, like that at Palmyra, and not unlike that edifice, being constructed in the centre of an immense double peristyle court. The diameter of the columns of the temple is five feet, and the height of just proportions; the capitals are Corinthian and well executed. One singularity in this edifice is a chamber under ground, below the principal hall of the temple, with a bath in the centre. Five or six inferior temples are scattered about the town; and a magnificent Ionic oval space of three hundred and nine feet long, adds greatly to the beauty of the ruins. The scene of the larger theatre is nearly perfect, presenting a singularity very rarely to be met with. There are two grand baths, and also two bridges crossing the valley and river. The temples, and both theatres, are built of marble, but not of a very fine sort. Three hundred yards from the SW. gate is the Circus or Stadium, and near it is the triumphal arch. The cemetery surrounds the city, but the sarcophagi are not very highly finished; upwards of two hundred and thirty columns are now standing in the city. There is to the NE. about two hundred yards distance, a very large reservoir for water, and a picturesque tomb fronted by four Corinthian columns; near it is also an aqueduct. These ruins being overgrown with wood, are objects of considerable interest. There are numerous inscriptions in all directions, chiefly of the time of Antoninus Pius; most of them are much mutilated; but the one I alluded to about the Temple of the Sun, was on the propyleum of that edifice, which has been a grand piece of architecture. On the whole, we hold Djerash to be a much finer mass of ruins than Palmyra; the city has three entrances of richly ornamented gateways, and the remains of the wall, with its occasional towers, are in wonderful preservation."

From these splendid ruins they made their way to Szalt, where the denouement with the Arabs, to which we have already alluded, took place. With much peril our countrymen happily got back, by Nablous, to Jerusalem. Thence they made a journey with the pilgrims to Jordan, of which ceremony, and of the country, old Maundrell gives a most faithful account; and afterwards addressed themselves to a more particular tour round the Dead Sea, a task which we do not remember to have been so fully accomplished as by this party of our countrymen,—whose force and equipment are thus stated:

"Each of the party procured a Bedouin Arab dress of the most ordinary description, and we all bought horses for the journey, except Mr. Banks, who was already provided with them. Our party consisted of Mr. Legh, having with him an interpreter, a Tartar from Constantinople, and a seyye (hostler.) Mr. Banks had with him a soldier of the pashaw of Egypt; and ourselves a Christian Arab servant. We had for our guide a cultivating Arab, dwelling near Jericho, named Mahommed, and a man belonging to Hebron. We took the precaution of having as little baggage as possible with us."

The difficulties thrown in their way by the authorities at Jerusalem were so great, that they at length determined to set forth and trust to their force and fortune. They accordingly, taking Bethlehem and Tekoa, built by Rehoboam, on their way, arrived one

more at Hebron, where, instead of obstacles, they found the Sheikh and Arabs at first civil and accommodating.

"We were lodged (says the writer) in a small praying-room attached to the khan; it was furnished with mats and carpets for us, and we were presently served with a beverage we never saw before in the east,—'warm rice milk with sugar;' it was given before the coffee, and in the usual small cups. The Turks of Hebron having little intercourse with Europeans, are extremely jealous of Franks, not one of whom is allowed to live in the town, and I believe very few travellers have ever visited it; in consequence we found it impossible to gain admission into the mosque, in which is said to be the 'tomb of Abraham.' The lower part of this building is very curious, evidently antique, being formed of great stones, some of which are upwards of twenty-five feet in length; it has sixteen pilasters on each side, and eight on either end, without capitals, excepting a sort of ornamental summit which extends along the whole building, and is a species of cornice. Above this is a continuation of modern masonry. The approach to the entrance of the edifice is by a long flight of steps between it and other ruined buildings, which stand on its S.E. side; the buildings being constructed lengthways, N.E. and S.W. I imagine, however, that these outside walls only inclose the court which surrounds the mosque, and are not part of the mosque itself. The town of Hebron is not of large dimensions, though its population is great; the country is cultivated to a considerable extent all round it. The streets are winding, and the houses unusually high."

"There are great ruins at Abdi, in the Desert, about three days journey to the south, but these they had no opportunity of visiting; but at the end of a less space reached about mid-day a slight eminence, whence they had a delightful prospect of the "southern extremity of the Dead Sea, together with the back-water and plain at the end of it. From this view it appeared evident that the lake Asphaltis must be of much less length than is usually supposed, or than all the ancient authors have made it out to be: We now began a continued descent into a deep, barren valley, and did not get to the bottom till near five o'clock, passing with considerable difficulty over a path so rugged, barren, and full of great stones, that we were obliged to lead our horses." About six they entered the great plain at the end of the Dead Sea, and at dark stopped, where, says the narrative—

"We collected a quantity of wood which the Dead Sea had thrown up at high water-mark, and endeavoured to make a fire in order to bake bread, as we had flour. The wood was, however, so impregnated with salt, that all our efforts were unavailing, and we contented ourselves with drinking the flour and water mixed, which, though not very palatable, still served to appease our hunger. All night our guides, not being able from fear to sleep themselves, endeavoured to prevent us by alarms of the dytchmaan" (enemies).

"Next day (we continue to make the most interesting extracts) "we found, exclusive of the saline appearance left by the retiring of the waters, several large fragments of clear rock-salt lying on the ground, and on examining the hill, we found it composed partly of salt and partly of hardened sand.

In many instances the salt was hanging from cliffs in clear perpendicular points like icicles, and we observed numerous strata of that material of considerable thickness, having very little sand mixed with it. Strabo mentions 'that to the southward of the Dead Sea there are towns and cities built entirely of salt;' and although such an account seems strange, yet when we contemplated the scene before us, it did not appear very improbable. The torrents, during the rainy season, had brought down immense masses of salt, and we observed that the strata were generally in perpendicular lines. - - - It appeared to us that the mountains to the westward of the Dead Sea gradually decreased their height to the southward, while those to the eastward continued to preserve the same altitude as far as the eye could reach, and appeared to be of a reddish colour, resembling granite. Leaving the salt hill, our track led for an hour and a half across the barren flats of the back water, now left dry by the effects of evaporation. We passed six drains into that part more contiguous to the main sea, where the water still remains; some where wet and still draining, others were dry. These had a strong marshy smell, similar to what is perceivable on most of the muddy flats in salt water harbours, but by no means more unpleasant. I imagine this to have given rise to the unfavourable reports of the ancients, of the disagreeable smell of the waters of the Dead Sea. The water on the main body of the lake is perfectly free from any smell whatever. We now entered into a very prettily wooded country, with high rushes and marshes; leaving these, the variety of bushes and wild plants became very great, some of the latter were rare and of remarkable appearance. Occasionally we met with specimens such as none of our party had ever seen before; a botanist would have had a fine treat in this delightful spot. Amongst the trees which we knew, were various species of the acassia, and in some instances we met with the dwarf mimosa; we saw also the doom mentioned above, the tamarisk, and the plant which we saw in Nubia, and which Norden calls 'the oschar.\*' There was one curious tree which we observed in great plenty, and which bore a fruit in bunches, resembling in appearance the currant, with the colour of the plum; it has a pleasant though strong aromatic taste, exactly resembling mustard, and, if taken in any quantity, produces a similar irritability in the nose and eyes to that which is caused by taking mustard. The leaves of this tree have the same pungent flavour as the fruit, though not so strong.

\* The author says afterwards, when near the plain of Ghor, probably not far from the ancient Zoar, "We were here surprised to see, for the first time, the oskar plant grown to the stature of a tree, its trunk measuring, in many instances, two feet or more in circumference, and the boughs at least fifteen feet in height, a size which far exceeded any we saw in Nubia: the fruit also was larger and in greater quantity. There is very little doubt of this being the fruit of the Dead Sea so often noticed by the ancients as appearing juicy and delicious to the eye, while within it is hollow, or filled with something grating and disagreeable in the mouth. The natives make use of the filaments, which are enclosed in the fruit, and which somewhat resemble the down of a thistle, as a stuffing for their cushions; and they likewise twist them, like thin-rope, into matches for their guns, which they assured us required no application of sulphur to render them combustible."

We think it probable that this is the tree our Saviour alluded to in the parable of the mustard seed, and not the mustard plant which we have in the north; for although in our journey from Bysan to Adjeloun, mentioned in the Jerusalem letter, we met with the mustard plant growing wild, as high as our horses heads, still, being an annual, it did not deserve the appellation of a tree; whereas the other is really such, and birds might easily, and actually do, take shelter under its shadow. - - - We soon met some of the natives taking in the harvest; they were a wild looking people, and wore leathern aprons reaching to the shoulders, a dress we had never seen before; they addressed us with great civility, and on our telling them we were soldiers of the Aga of Jaffa, going to Kerek, they said they wished that more would come amongst them, as they were much oppressed by the Bedouin Arabs, whom they described as a bad set of people, caring neither for God nor the saints. They took us to their bivouack in the thicket, saying that their village was some way off, and that they were only remaining here to take in the harvest. They gave us to eat some doom, dried and pounded into a sort of coarse meal and mixed with butter; we found it exceedingly good; about half an hour afterwards they brought us bread, butter and milk. We were annoyed here with large horse flies, which were in great numbers, and some of our animals were streaming with blood. We were told at Kerek, that these flies were 'a plague sent by the Almighty at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah;' and that no Turk when praying, is allowed to kiss the earth in the customary manner there. These people are called Goahrnays, and differ materially, both in manner and appearance, from the Arabs, as well as from the natives of the towns; they adhere to one place of abode, and cultivate the land in its vicinity. They do not live in tents like the Arabs, but build huts of reeds, rushes, and canes; they construct their buildings contiguous to each other, and form their villages in the shape of a square, with only one entrance for the cattle, which are thereby prevented from straggling, and are kept more collected for protection during the night. These people treated us very hospitably, which they would naturally do, taking us to be soldiers of so powerful a man as Mahommed Aga; but we never heard any other than a bad character of them ever after. Before we left them, they threshed out some corn with great sticks for our horses. The women commenced the labour, but as they could not work and hide their faces at the same time, the men dismissed them, and did the work themselves. On our taking leave, we offered them a handsome reward for what we had had, but they absolutely refused, and held out for a good quarter of an hour, notwithstanding all our intreaties; at last we throw the money amongst them, when a most furious battle took place about the sharing it out. We could not refrain from laughing most heartily at so odd a scene, and at eleven, left them fighting and beating each other most furiously. We now crossed the Houssan, our horses smarting from the bites of the unmerciful flies, and, unable to resist the refreshing influence of the water, quietly laid down in the middle of the stream, leaving us no alternative but to dismount and walk out. We proceeded along the foot of the mountains which bound the east side of the plains, and continued in this manner till near five in the



afternoon, our track being rugged and barren in the extreme, with innumerable fragments of red and grey granite; grey, red, and black porphyry; serpentine stone; beautiful black basalt, breccia, and many other kinds of stone scattered in every direction, all fragments from the neighbouring mountains. Hereabouts it may be presumed the ancients procured materials for the numerous handsome columns which one meets in Syria, and which now adorn the Turkish baths, mosques, &c."

Owing to Arab prevarications and extortions, our travellers were obliged to abandon the tempting route to Wady Mousa, where stands the last remains of Petra, the famous capital of Arabia Petrea, to which, however, they afterwards penetrated by the way of Kerak. Kerak itself is a remarkable place; but the narrative becomes here so continuous and original in its observations, that we will not enter upon it with the certainty of an interruption in the middle. The whole will form another interesting abridgement for every class of readers, and we reserve it unbroken for another Saturday.

#### ANCIENT WELSH LAWS.

We have only a short conclusion to add to our last week's Review of Mr. Probert's Translation.

In giving sureties or bail, it is worthy of note that the baptismal vow was of great sanctity and value: it is said of it, strongly,

"The church and the king ought to enforce the baptismal vow; for God is accepted in lieu of a surety."

The relative value of animals forms another curious head,—for example:

"The price of a little pig, from the time it is born until it begins to burrow, is one penny. When it ceases sucking, which is at the end of three months, it is worth two pence. From that time it goes to the wood with the swine, and it is considered as a swine, and its value is four pence. From the feast of St. John unto the first day of January, its value is fifteen pence; from the first of January unto the feast of St. John, its value is twenty-four pence; and from that time forward its value shall be thirty pence, the same as its mother."

"The price of a cat is four pence. Her qualities are to see, to hear, to kill mice, to have her claws whole, and to nurse and not devour her kittens."

Our next three paragraphs, from among a multitude, are designed to illustrate the position, that much wisdom was mixed with the rudeness of Cambria in her infant years:

"There are three useless discourses delivered in court, and which cannot avail: a denial before evidence; a court before the time; and law-pleading after sentence is pronounced."

"There are three fines for insult that cannot be imposed if they are sought through intoxication: a fine for insulting the domestic chaplain, the judge of the court, and the family physician; for since they cannot tell when the king may need their services, they ought never to become intoxicated."

"There are three customs: a custom which follows after law, and this is to be supported; a custom which precedes the law, and if it have the authority of the kingdom, it is to be supported; and a custom which corrupts the law, and then it ought to be abrogated."

There is a philosophy of no ordinary cast,

and a consummate knowledge of human nature displayed in many of these *Triads* of Howell; but we must now leave them and the work itself to the public consideration, to amend the verdict, in which case we can only shortly add a few more of them equally illustrative of the manners of the age:

"There are three things under cover at court: the mead tub, the bragget, and a poem before it is shown to the king."

"There are three disgraces of a corpse: the first is, to stab a corpse; the second is, to expose a corpse; and the third is, to demand whose corpse it is, and who thrust a spear into it. A fine of satisfaction must be paid for these three things. For the first, the fine shall be without augmentation; and for the other two, a third shall fall to the ground. The reason why there shall be no augmentation of the first fine is, because it is not apparent for what purpose the corpse was insulted for the first time; and the reason of the abatement of the two other fines is, because it is a less disgrace to the dead than to the living."

"By three ways every man may be insulted: by murdering him; by having illicit commerce with his wife; and by violating his protection after he has given it. The reason why a man is to have a greater redress than another for an insult offered him, by having illicit commerce with his wife is, because it springs from a murderous disposition."

"There are three sons who are not entitled to the patrimony of their fathers: the son of a priest, the son of a leper, and the son of a person who has paid his land, which has been alienated, to make a compensation for murder. The reason why the son of a leper is not entitled to it is, because his selection goes to God, and he must divide his rank for saving knowledge."

"There are three legal arms: a sword, a spear, and a bow with twelve arrows. The price of a sword with a bright hilt, is twenty-four pence; if it be brittle edged, sixteen pence; and if it be round hilted, twelve pence. The price of each of the two others is four pence."

"There are three reasons for which a man ought to chastise his wife: for wishing disgrace to his beard; for attempting to murder him; and for adulterous intercourse with another man. Since he has undertaken to redress his own wrongs, he must not beat her for more than this."

We trust we have now fairly discharged our office towards this amusing book of laws; and, in its own language, we claim for our share the good will of every Welsh reader of the *Literary Gazette*; yea, of every Silurian *Tad* *cu*, *Mom* *cu*, *Tad*, *Mam*, *braced*, *chwer*, *Cerender*, *Cygnither*, *Ecythyr*, *modryb*, *nai*, *nith*, and even *gertherni* and *car o waed*, or more remote kindred, if such there be, among them in the Principality.

To the translator we give our thanks for a laborious and yet pleasing volume. Hints of all sorts are to be derived from it by poets, antiquarians, and general literati: in return, we would hint to him that we do not think the "*Greal*," page 412, was, as he says, a book, but the *Sangreal*, or sacred blood, so miraculous in the happy days of Arthur, when men did what they could, and women what they liked.

\* In plain English, he must give his estate to the church for the benefit of his soul; therefore, his son cannot claim the paternal estate.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, October 31, 1833.

[Our French Correspondent has translated considerable portions of Montholon's 3d livraison as a Parisian novelty; but this part of his letter is only useful to us as showing that what had struck us most had also attracted most attention in the French capital.]

You may suppose that the town rings with the names of Rovigo, Benevente, Enghien, Napoleon, &c. Savary is said to be the mere instrument of the vengeance of the court on Talleyrand. He is thought by many to get but lamely through his own justification; in fact he never expects to clear himself of the one thousand and one acts of his *carrière*, but certainly the case is made out *assez clair* against the Prince Benevente. How and when he will meet the attack we know not; it is probable he may do it indirectly, that is, by setting others to justify him and blacken Savary. Talleyrand will probably be provoked, in his *Memoirs*, to reveal a few royal secrets, which otherwise might never have been penned or published.

The 13th livraison of the *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à la Révolution Française*, contains the *Memoirs* of Louvet, with additional notes and documents of considerable value, furnished partly by his wife, the celebrated Lodoiska, who is still living. The 2d volume of this livraison is composed of various *Mémoires sur les prisons de Paris*,—the *Port Libre*, Luxembourg, Rue de Sevres, Madelonnettes, La Force, La Mairie, Le Plessis. There are also details of the prison of Arras, of the translation of 132 Nantois from Nantes to Paris, and of the deportation of a number of unconstitutional priests to the Rade de l'Isle d'Aix. These pieces, written at the time, and many of them on the spot, bear the features of truth and correctness, but animated by the terrible excitements to which the minds of the people of all classes were exposed by a cruel and bloody anarchy. Among a thousand curious and astonishing facts which these details contain, is the following, which I have just read:

"The wife of Lépinaï, a Vendean general, was imprisoned by Carrière in his infernal dungeons with a young female of Châtellerault, who was attached to her service as a waiting woman. One day the revolutionary agents entered the prison to assemble the victims whose turn it was to be sent on board the *barques à sonape*, in order to be drowned. The young female heard Mad. Lépinaï's name, and as her mistress was momentarily absent from her cell on account of indisposition, she answered to the call, presented herself to the assassins, devoted herself, and perished in the waters of the Loire!"

#### LITERATURE.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Wednesday Evening, at eight o'clock, the First Ordinary Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature took place at the Society's Rooms, 59, Lincoln's Inn Square. The Rev. Archdeacon Nares, one of the Vice-Presidents, was in the Chair, and the attendance consisted principally of Gentlemen of literary character. After going through the routine of preliminary business, sanctioning the proceedings of the Council, and voting thanks to the Donors of Books, &c. His

\* Among these presents were a magnificent copy of Mair's Homer, presented by the President.

Grace the Duke of Rutland was, as a Peer of the Realm, balloted for without the formula of exhibiting his name as a Candidate, and unanimously elected a Fellow R. S. L. The names of eight or ten other candidates for admission, chiefly persons of eminence as Scholars or in public life, were proposed and appointed for future election.

The Secretary then commenced the reading of a singularly interesting historical paper communicated by Mr. Granville Penn, and demonstrating, in contradiction to Hume, that the heroic Henry v. had not only actually contemplated but prepared for the invasion of Syria, with the purpose of rescuing Jerusalem from the Infidels. This feature in the life of our great monarch, the Essay showed to be probable by general reasoning on the statement of Monstrelet, that Henry a few hours before his death declared such to have been his design; but the decisive proof of the fact was reserved for a MS. discovered at Brussels, so lately as 1819, and which is the identical Report of a man of science who had been sent out by the King to survey the coasts of Egypt and Syria, previous to his embarking on the enterprise. The high reputation of Henry for wisdom and foresight is corroborated by this paper, and it certainly exalts the fame even of that so famous English Prince. The time of the Society did not admit of reading the MS. to a conclusion, and it was accordingly reserved for the next Meeting. We believe that a Copy of it also exists at Oxford, but (owing to the Surveyor's return after the death of his employer, and in the reign of his son) it had been erroneously marked as belonging to the age and government of Henry vi.; which mistake has been rectified, and the point of history elucidated since the discovery at Brussels.

It is expected that many Papers of the highest interest will be read at these Meetings, and that the Royal Society of Literature, emanating from His Majesty George iv. will prove itself worthy of its origin, and vindicate its claim to a high station among the enlightened Institutions of the country, even within the first session of its public existence.

the Bishop of St. David's; and a copy of the Syriac Bible and Testament, from Professor Lee of Cambridge.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland again opened its sittings on Saturday last, the 1st of November. The Meeting was not numerously attended, but as fully as the present season, when many Members are out of town, could warrant the expectation of. Among the donations that were presented to the Meeting, were two interesting works of the celebrated *Augustus William de Schlegel*; one a periodical publication, entitled *Indistito Bibliothek*, and the other an edition of a Sanscrit poem, called *Bhagavad-Geta*. In presenting the latter, the Secretary remarked, that it was to be regarded as a specimen of a series of editions of the most valuable Sanscrit works, which *M. de Schlegel* proposes successively to publish. The next will be the *Rāmāyana*, a great and noble poem of a very ancient Sanscrit author, *Vālmīki*. Of this a Prospectus, setting forth the views of the editor, was laid on the table. An acquaintance with Sanscrit literature, such as *M. de Schlegel* endeavours to promote, will, it is anticipated, open a new field of know-

ledge likely to be of no small importance to the cause of science. The undertaking, therefore, we hesitate not to say, will deserve every encouragement from the public. The original text is to be accompanied by a Latin version, and notes, critical and explanatory. *M. de Schlegel*, who is a Foreign Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, was present at the Meeting; and when the thanks were in the usual form voted for the donations offered, the Right Hon. Charles Wynn, President of the Society, rose, and addressed him in terms which must have been very gratifying to his feelings.

#### THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE Parisian *Journal des Debats*, of the 29th ultimo, on publishing the substance, which it does clearly and ably, of our account of the Northern Voyage, in *La Gazette Littéraire de Londres* of the 25th, makes one or two short remarks which did not occur to us, and are worthy of attention. Alluding to the description and type of the snow-huts, it is observed, that they agree exactly with the description which the missionary *Latrobe* gives of the snow-houses on the coast of Labrador, also the dwellings of Esquimaux; and with respect to the words of the language which we quoted, the Editor says, they resemble the other Esquimaux dialects, so well analysed by *M. Vater* in the *Mithridate* of *Adelung*.

To *M. Adelung* we have had (in our literary course) the pleasure of transmitting the most copious Vocabulary ever gathered of the language spoken by the natives of the Sandwich Islands, and adjacent Isles and Coasts in the Northern Pacific Ocean; and it will gratify us also to help him to some of those Esquimaux stores, so essential to the completion of his extraordinary and important Work.—*Ed.*

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON the 3d instant, Mr. Wm. Wilkins, M.A. Architect, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts.

#### Moses' Outlines of the Works of Canova.

Parts 11. 12. 13.

"*Promettre et tenir sont deux*," says the French proverb; and to "promise is one thing, to perform another," says the English: in contradiction to both these, and we doubt not to similar dicta in all languages, Mr. Moses is going on with this publication, to show that promise and performance is with him the same. We have now an accumulation of three Parts, yet unnoticed, before us. The chief figures are, 1st, a colossal *Napoleon*, as naked as a Greek hero, full length, with a Globe in his right hand surmounted by a Victory, and an imperial sceptre-staff in his left. There is no invention in this piece, which is a copy of the common heroic style of antiquity, and ill applied to modern times. 2d, *Laura*, a bust.

Vedi ben quanta in lei dolcezza piove.

This is a simple, but more striking than beautiful embodying of *Petrarch's* mistress: it must be confessed, however, that a drawing from a bust, though ably executed, does not convey the most perfect idea of the original production. 3. *Heracles* and *Lichas*, is a grand and forcible groupe; and 4. *Venus* and *Mars*, as symbolical of Peace and War, also appears to be a charming composition. There are several pretty but not important private

monuments, which we need not particularise. *Pius vi.* a colossal statue of the Pope kneeling, in pontificalibus, is said to be a fine likeness, and was one of Canova's latest works. It may, we dare say, be as impressive as is described; but in attitude it too closely resembles the rude figures on our old tombs in the decline of art, to produce a high effect upon us, as seen in the outline. *Perseus*, with a head of Medusa, ably sculptured; *Calliope*, a head not differing widely from that of *Laura*; and an *Infant St. John*, apparently sweetly infantine in countenance, and soft and natural in the limbs, complete Part 12.

Part 13, which has just been published, exhibits the *Return of Telemachus*, a basso-relievo, with some fine points, and of a classical character; *Terpsichore*, a whole length; and *Hebe*, a finely elastic form, are its principal ornaments. A *Monument of Clement xiv.* has a rather ludicrous figure at top, which, from the foreshortening, puts one in mind of the Old Man of the Mountain. Indeed it is altogether a strange design; though most enthusiastically praised in the descriptive press.

#### EGYPTIAN COLLECTION.

AMONG the curious collections which have from time to time been made by travellers, one of the most valuable is that which has been recently transported to Paris by the celebrated *M. Frederic Cailland*. It has been got together with a judgment which indicates a thorough knowledge of Egyptian antiquities. Instead of overwhelming himself with a multitude of idols and amulets, he has selected such rare objects as are calculated to illustrate the history of ancient arts and customs. The Collection is composed of about four hundred specimens, in excellent preservation; of the principal of which the following is a brief notice:—

1st. Among the articles carved in wood, are, a pillow or prop for a mummy, several kinds of combs for the toilet, and others for carding flax and hemp; a series of figures representing rowers, whose arms are moveable; palettes, boxes, and cases for pencils and colours, both in rose-wood and ivory; turnscrows, the feet of chairs, in imitation of those of lions; and lastly a pulley, with an iron bolt. All these articles were used in the arts or in domestic economy; the ancient colours are still enclosed in the boxes.—2d. Among the articles formed of leaves, rushes, and fibrous plants, are, a stool in perfect preservation; variously twisted and coloured baskets; a palm broom, quite like the *mokachch* of the Arabs, that is to say, formed at the handle of the leaf of a date-tree, which is then divided and spread into the brush.—3d. Among the earthenware and pottery, are a great variety of richly coloured china vases, of the same shape as modern Egyptian vases, and others of alabaster and hard stone; impressions of seals in argillaceous earth, &c.—4th. A great number of articles connected with domestic economy, as, linen of extraordinary fineness, household utensils; articles of dress, such as bronze and iron bracelets found on the arms of mummies; rings of bronze, iron, and gold; bronze mirrors; rings and seals of coloured paste; a gold ring found on the finger of a mummy, ornamented with false stones; a small head of Apis in very fine gold, &c.—5th. Among articles of glass and enamel, tissues and laces formed of pearls and pipes of every variety of colour, representing ornaments, flowers,

writing, the texture of which is singularly delicate; glasses skilfully incrustated, the incrustations being composed of remarkably beautiful ornaments which penetrate the whole mass of the glass.—6. Slippers, sandals, and soles, of palm-leaf, of rushes, of papyrus, and of leather, wrought with care; buskins of green and red morocco, &c.—7. A series of paper articles, richly painted and gilt; several wigs, with the hair frizzed or braised, coarsely woven on a net.—8. A long catgut string, belonging to a musical instrument, about the size of the treble string of a violin.—9. A beautiful series of manuscripts on papyrus, in excellent preservation, some in hieroglyphics, others in characters called hieratic, and ornamented with paintings, of which many are very small; one enclosed in an iron box, another sealed, with a name on the outside border, and which is apparently a missive.—10. The mummies are very interesting. Among the mummies of animals, besides those of the crocodile, the hawk, the cat, or ibis, which are known, there is one of an unknown quadruped; and there are those of fish, with the scales gilt, perfectly preserved. Among the human mummies, a strongly characterized head of a negro is very distinguishable; there are several entire mummies with their double wrappers covered with paintings of the most brilliant colours; and above all a Greek mummy, which alone would render this collection inestimable. It is unique. This mummy is of extraordinary weight; the outer linen, among other ornaments, has a column of hieroglyphics; between the bands was a hieroglyphic manuscript, having on its border a name in Greek running-hand, which occurs again in a Greek description at the top of the box; on the head is placed a large crown, formed of gilt copper leaves, in imitation of the olive. The envelope of the mummy is of wood, painted on all sides; at the back is the Zodiac, disposed in two parallel bands; the figures of the Constellations are similar to those in the Zodiacs of Erné and Denderah. A medallion coin of bronze, found at Elephantine, deserves to be separately mentioned, as it is one of the most precious articles in the Collection. These antiquities come from Thebes. M. Caliaud has also brought from Upper Nubia, 1. A number of articles used by the inhabitants of the kingdom of Sennar and of the higher countries, and by the black idolaters who live among the mountains. They consist of arms, dresses, ornaments, portable furniture, &c.—2. A collection of articles of natural history in the three kingdoms: some birds which much resemble those of Senegal and the Cape of Good Hope; fresh-water shells, of which many have hitherto been supposed to belong to the sea; and insects, especially the gold beetle, the sacred beetle of the ancients proper to Ethiopia. The specimens of plants are accompanied by seeds and fruits. Finally, the traveller has formed a collection of mineralogical specimens, which show the mineralogical character of the country in which he travelled, from Alexandria to the 10th degree of North latitude.—*Revue Encyclopedique.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

"To please the fancy, and improve the mind."  
When Jove encircled our planet with light,  
And had roll'd the proud Orb on its way,  
And had given the Moon to illumine it by night,  
And the bright Sun to rule it by day;

The reign of its surface he formed to agree  
With the wisdom that governed its plan:  
He divided the Earth and apportion'd the Sea,  
And he gave the dominion to Man.

The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,  
And the husbandman seized on the plain;  
The fisherman lanch'd his canoe on the flood,  
And the merchant embark'd on the main.  
The mighty partition was finished at last,—  
When a figure came listlessly on;  
But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast,  
When he found that the labour was done.

The mien of disorder, the wreath which he wore,  
And the frenzy that flash'd from his eye,  
And the lyre of ivory and gold which he bore,  
Proclaimed that the Poet was nigh;  
And he rush'd all in tears, at the fatal decree,  
To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,  
And complain'd that no spot of the earth or the sea  
Had been given the Bard as his own.

And the Thunderer smiled at his prayer and his mien,

Though he mourned the request was too late,  
And he ask'd in what regions the Poet had been,  
When his lot was decided by fate?

Oh! pardon my error (he humbly replied)  
Which sprung from a vision too bright;  
My soul at the moment was close at thy side,  
Entranced in the regions of light.

It hung on thy visage,—it bask'd on thy smile,  
And it rode on the glance of thy fire,  
And forgive, if, bewildered and dazzled the while,  
It forgot every earthly desire.

The earth (said the Godhead) is portioned away,  
And I cannot reverse the decree;  
But the Heavens are mine, and the regions of day,  
And their portal is open to Thee. P. P.

## THE BIRD.

Take that singing bird away!  
It has too glad a lay  
For an ear so lorn as mine;  
And its wings are all too light,  
And its feathers are too bright,  
To rest in a bosom like mine.

But bring that bird again  
When Winter has changed its strain:  
Its pining will be sweet to me  
When soil and stain are on its breast,  
And its pinions droop for rest,—  
Oh, then bring that bird to me.

Together, poor bird, we'll pine  
Over Beauty's and Hope's decline;  
Yet I'll envy in pitying thee;  
Never may the months restore  
The sweet Spring they brought before  
To me,—but they will to thee!

## STANZAS.

We shall not meet again, love,  
As we once met;  
But our meetings have left  
What I may not forget:

A thought of the past,  
Like a ghost by a tomb,  
A heart that is burning,  
A cheek without bloom.

As those who have dwelt  
In the lands of the Sun,  
In the north fade and fall  
When the Winter's begun;

So my spirit, whose life  
Was Love's passionate ray,  
Must pine unto death

When its warmth fades away!—L. E. L.

## LINES

Addressed to Alaric A. Watts, Esq. on receiving a  
Copy of his Poetical Fragments and Sketches.

There is a dear and a lovely power  
Dwells in the silence of the flower,  
When the buds meet the caress  
Of the bee in their loneliness:—  
In the song the green leaves sing  
When they waken and wave in Spring;  
In the voice of the April bird,  
The first air-music the year has heard;  
In the deep and glorious light  
Of the thousand stars at night;  
In the dreaming of the moon,  
Bright in her solitary noon;  
In the tones of the plaining brook;  
In the light of a first love look;  
And in each bright and beautiful thing,  
That has aught of fine imagining,  
That power is dwelling. Now need I  
Name the bright power of Poetry?

And, graceful Bard! it has breathed on thee  
A breath of the life which is melody,  
And given thy lute the touching strain  
Which the heart but hears to echo again.  
Mine is not the hand that flings  
Living or lasting offerings;  
With thy laurel, not mine the lay  
That either gives or takes away.  
Others may praise thy harp,—for me  
To praise were only a mockery;  
The tribute I offer is such a one  
As the young bird would pour, if the sun  
Or the air were pleasant: thanks, not praise,—  
Oh, not to laud, but to feel thy lays!—L. E. L.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

## A Sailor's Tale.

"They that wants pity, why I pity they."

"PRAY, Sir, bestow one ha'penny on a poor child, to buy a morsel of bread; indeed I'm very hungry:" such was the petition of a little ragged urchin, as he ran by the side of the worthy Captain N—, of the East India service. The "pray sir, bestow one ha'penny," was so common a sound, that it passed unheeded, but "indeed I'm very hungry," uttered in a voice of plaintive sorrow, could not be resisted by the humane and generous N—. "Hungry, poor child, while I am living on luxuries; let me see, let me see," gazing in the lad's face. The tears were trickling down, but so obscured was every feature by dirt, there was nothing to excite satisfaction. They were close to the buttock-of-beef shop, in the Old Bailey; "Aye, aye, let me see," continued N—, and, grasping the boy's arm, with eagerness entered the house. "Here, my good woman, give this lad as much bread and beef as will make him a hearty meal, d'ye hear, and I'll thank you to bear a hand." The child looked at him with astonishment, burst into tears and caught hold of his hand, but instantly let it go again, with a look of deep humiliation and shame; there was no deception in it, it was the workings of the heart pictured on the countenance. "Look at the young dog! there, there, don't be snivelling, you little hypocrite," while the dew-drop of pity trembled in his own eye. "Where's your parents?" "Parents," repeated the boy. "Aye, your father and mother." "I never had any, Sir." "What's your name?" "Ned, Sir." "Where do you belong to?" "I don't know, Sir." "Where do you come from?" "I have been travelling about the country with old Nan, till, yesterday, she brought me here and told me to shift for my-



self; and indeed, Sir, I think I could work." "Aye, aye, you've been well tutored, no doubt; there, run along, and sit on you step and eat your meal." Away trudged the lad, looking first at his victuals and then at his benefactor. "Poor fellow, what's to become of him?" said N—, as he paid the demand and walked into the street; "What's to become of him?" He stopped a moment, and looked towards the spot where the delighted boy was devouring his meal with all the savouriness of real hunger; at this instant, a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and together they proceeded for the Jerusalem. Can it be mere fate that regulates our actions? Is there no still small voice that whispers to the soul, soft as the balmy zephyr in the summer's eve? Ah, yes, it is the divinity that stirs within us, else why should this expression be deeply stamped in a moment on the mind of the Captain, the words of our blessed Master, 'Forasmuch as you have done it unto one of these, you have done it unto me.' The noise and confusion of Lloyd's, the transacting of business, rise and fall of stocks, the price of freightage, nothing could wear out the recollection of the poor little houseless child of want; and, 'What's to become of him,' frequently burst from his lips. As soon as 'Change was over, away strode the Captain towards Newgate Street, with indescribable sensations of anxiety and feeling; yet without any definite intention—he reached the spot—the child was gone; in vain he inquired at the shop, the woman was ignorant of his route, but said he had come across to thank her, and pray for a blessing on his generous provider. "What, didn't you ask him where he was going, and what he meant to do?" "No, Sir, we have so much to attend to." "N— would have scolded, but conscience told him he had been equally negligent; and thus, perhaps, a useful member was lost to society, or what was worse, he might become its very pest. Quitting the house, he turned down the alley leading to the cloisters of Christ Church, where all the smiling countenances and cheerful looks of the boys, operated like a momentary charm. "And you," said he, "poor Ned, might have been here, aye, shall be here, if I find you worthy—till I return from my next voyage, and then you shall go to sea; I know my friend C— would do it for me—but where is he?" He made every inquiry, searched every nook, but his efforts were vain. Leaving money and directions with the woman, that should be made his appearance again, to take care of the lad, he once more pursued his way to his lodgings. What nonsense, thought he, for me to take such interest in the welfare of a little ragged dog I never saw before; perhaps the scout of some infamous wretch, who has brought him up to all manner of wickedness—But avast, no, I cannot be deceived, that look was honest truth; poor fellow, what's to become of him? He had now reached the place against the walls of Newgate, where the porters rest from their burdens, when, by the side of an apple stall, on some straw, lay the unconscious boy fast asleep. "Halloa, you young rascal!" roared the Captain, with a look between a smile and a tear, to the great terror of the lad, who sprung up instantly; "Halloa, what do you mean by giving me all this trouble, am't I been looking for you this hour, while you lie skulking here in the lee scuppers; come, rouse out." "God bless him!" said the owner of the stall, a poor female apparently in the last stage of a consumption, with an infant at the breast and a child about three years old by

her side, "God bless him, my poor little Bess must have gone home hungry if he had not shared his dinner with her." "Did he," said N—, throwing down a crown, "then I say God bless him too; but come along," catching hold of the boy's hand. Regardless of the looks of the assembled crowd, he brushed hastily through them, called a hack, jumped into it, and away they drove, the Captain whistling with all his might, Dibdin's song of "The heart that can feel for another." Arrived at an elegant house in Piccadilly, "Here Will Junk; Will, where are you? you lazy old swab." "Here, Sir; here, Sir." "Take this young scamp and give him a fresh scrape and a paint, and then hand him up into the parlour upon a clean plate." "Aye, aye, Sir," replied Will; "come along, young six-foot." In about half-an-hour the boy was brought up. "Well, now let me see, let me see," gazing with astonishment on the animated and beautiful countenance of the delighted boy, whose full round eyes sparkled with pleasure;—"Well, Will, what do you make of him?" "I don't know, Sir, can't tell; it's a comical world, Sir." "Aye, and there's comical creatures in it, Will, comical creatures in it," giving the old man a look he well understood. "But let me see, come here." His former questions were repeated, and many others put, but still the boy knew no more than that his name was Ned, and he had wandered about the country with old Nan. "He's got a some't hauging round his neck, Sir," said Will, "but I wouldn't open it, to be made an Admiral; for I think it's a charm." "Go along, you old block-head: let me see, let me see." The boy drew out a small bag closely sewed up. "Where did you get this?" "I don't know, Sir; I've worn it ever since I can remember." "I'll open it—no—yes—avast." He paused a minute, raised the lid of his desk, and deposited it in safety. "Well, Ned, will you live with me?" The boy looked, but he could not speak. "What, dumb founder'd?" said Will; "d'y'e hear, will you live with his honour?"—"Yes, for ever," sobbed the lad, "if he'll let me." "There, take him down, Will; and to-morrow morning, let him be fresh rig'd by the time I turn out; and now send my dinner up."

The father of Captain N— was the son of a wealthy merchant, who, by dint of industry and taking care of the pence, rose by degrees from a very low station to one of great opulence; but his penurious habits still continued, and, though literally rolling in riches, was always haunted by the fears of poverty. At the age of forty he married a young and beautiful female, of engaging manners and amiable disposition. The bear and the lamb were yoked together. On her part it was indeed a sacrifice; for her heart had been engaged to one who was her counter-part; but her father becoming embarrassed, and Mr. N— the principal creditor, how could they reject, or she refuse? Every effort was tried to avert the evil; but ruin came on with rapid strides, and the horrors of want, of pinching poverty, of a jail, resolved the heroic girl to sacrifice herself, to save her sinking family. She sent for her lover. Oh, what an interview was that! They who had pictured future years of mutual happiness; whose hearts were bound in the silken cords of real rich affection; whose existence seemed almost dependent on each other; yes, they met to meet no more; they should live and breathe, and yet be dead to each other for ever. "I cannot describe their meeting and their separation; those that can feel will do it for themselves. Her lover left

his native land—the land of his fathers—of his childhood, and once his dearest boast. Yes, he left it, and was never heard of more. As the wife of Mr. N—, Amelia endeavoured to discharge her duties with scrupulous attention; but still her thoughts would sometimes wander to the scenes of departed days, and remembrance linger on him who, perhaps, had gone before her to the blessed realms of immortality. The birth of a boy now occupied her mind. None but a mother can tell a mother's delight, when gazing on her first-born; or a father the joy which a father feels, while looking on his smiling babe. But Mr. N— knew not these sensations; he was proud of his child, and loved his wife, as far as his rugged nature would permit; but he was not aware of the treasure he possessed. Immersed in speculations and amassing wealth, he was unacquainted with those little tenderesses, those endearing attentions, so precious to a sensitive mind; and his early education being very imperfect, he was unable to converse on subjects gratifying to an enlightened and liberal understanding. Amelia's chief delight was to watch and tend her blooming boy; and for a few weeks in the year to visit the place of her nativity in Devonshire. There, with her parents, she could smile or weep without restraint. Eight years had now passed away since her parting with her heart's first love; and she once more arrived for a short time at the home of her parents. It was a sweet, romantic spot, and at a little distance was a lonely wood, where the foot of mortal seldom trod; but it was hallowed to Amelia. There she had passed, oh! how many happy hours, in the society of Henry, as they sat in a small arbor, formed by their own hands with the twisted nut-boughs, upon a turf-raised seat, strewn with downy moss, while the wild thyme breathed its fragrance and the waving flowers their odours on the breeze. Here they would sit and watch the white sail far distant on the ocean, and picture the happy countenance of the mariner, who joyed to see his native land once more; or leave the sighs of lingering regret, as it gradually lessened to a spot just dazzling on the horizon, with those who were bidding their own white cliffs adieu; here, too, they had pledged their vows in the presence of the Majesty of heaven. This spot had never been visited since Henry's departure; but the morning after her arrival, Amelia arose, and almost unconsciously advanced towards the place. She reached the opening pathway, between two old embracing oaks, who, like an aged pair passing through life's pilgrimage, had been each other's support through many a winter's storm. An indescribable impulse seemed to urge her on, and, without reflection, she separated the tangled wood, and wound up the ascent; yet did the well-remembered feeling thrill through her heart—the once-cherished hope that they might often meet together there. The umbrageous foliage wept its tears of dew as she hastily passed by the tree where her name was carved—the hazels had formed so thick a canopy above as almost to exclude the light of day—the arbor was now before her; but what were her feelings when she beheld a man kneeling at the mossy seat, in the attitude of prayer! "Henry, Henry!" she shrieked with convulsive agony, sprung to his side, and grasped his hand. Oh! horror, horror! Shriek after shriek followed; for she pressed the fleshless fingers of a dead man's hand, and her eyes rested on the blanched cheek-bones and whitened skull of a human skeleton! Yes, it was Henry. At a short distance was found

a bottle, which had contained laudanum, enclosed in a sheet of paper, written in a wild, incoherent manner, leaving no doubt as to the manner or cause of his death, under a total deprivation of mental faculty. \* \* Amelia awoke once more from a state of lethargic stupefaction to sense and reason. She gave the above brief sketch, clutched her hands, closed her eyes with a shudder, laid her head back upon her pillow, and her pure spirit returned to Him who gave it.

# DRAMA.

## DRURY LANE.

Mrs. Bunn, of whose abilities we had but a slender opportunity of judging upon her first appearance, on account of the disturbances that prevailed in the Theatre, has since assumed the character of Lady Macbeth, an arduous undertaking, and one that few performers should venture to attempt. This lady, however, possesses many natural qualifications, well suited to the part. Her figure is commanding, her voice powerful, and her declamation sufficiently correct; no wonder, therefore, that she should have made a favourable impression upon the audience, and come off with credit and applause. In her first act there is much to praise. Many of the passages she gives with singular propriety—the reading of the letter is extremely good. Her first meeting with her husband, where she salutes him by the accumulated titles that had been promised him by the “weir’d sisters,” is likewise well managed, and wants but a little more energy in the climax of “the greater than both, by the all hail hereafter,” to render it complete. Her second act, though not equal to her first, has nevertheless many beauties. The determined resolution with which she takes the daggers from Macbeth, is well expressed; and she is no less happy in the conclusion of the scene, when she reproaches him for the remorse he feels, and, “though her hands may be of his colour, scorns to wear a heart so white.” In the banquet scene she was not so much at home. She wanted consequence, and was deficient in dignity and grace; but she made up for this partial failure by the manner in which she played the sleep-walking scene, which displayed considerable judgment, and was worthy the earlier part of the performance. —Mr. Macready personated the ambitious Thane, and his acting was distinguished by the same high qualities we have so frequently had occasion to point out and praise. In some places, indeed, he appeared a little dispirited, as if he wanted confidence in himself; but in others he outstripped all his competitors, and merited the very highest marks of approbation. Perhaps, altogether, the last act of this Tragedy is, in his hands, by far the best that we have lately seen. He winds up his courage to the very highest pitch; and the wavering and irresolution that are produced by the announcement of the different messengers, all of them weakening, by degrees, his confidence in his own security, are finely conceived and happily expressed. Too much praise, likewise, cannot be given to his banquet scene. The way in which he rids himself of the ghost of Banquo, is much better than the manner that usually prevails, and is decidedly in unison with the rest of the character. To drive the spirit from his presence with a vehement gesture, an intrepid action, and a commanding tone of voice, and then to say,

“So, being gone, I am a man again,” is utterly inconsistent; but take Macready’s manner of receding from his presence—recoiling, with horror, at the sight of the unwelcome visitor—adjoining him, with breathless agony, to depart, and then sinking into the vacant chair exhausted with the struggle, and the words become appropriate and well placed. The next best thing that he did was his invocation to the murdered Duncan, to wake, if possible, with the knocking at the gate. Mr. Wallack played Macduff with a manly energy and a feeling well suited to the part; but we fear that his melo-dramatic acting, if he do not take heed, will spoil his better judgment. He has a trick of frowning, and making faces, and throwing his arms about, that he would do wisely to reserve for the Afterpieces of Reynolds and Moncrieff—Shakspeare needs not such assistance—

“Non tui auxilio, nec istis defensoribus  
Tempus eget.”

The Witches were given as usual, with too much mummery; and the chorusses are by no means so well executed here as at the other House; the voices are not so numerous nor so good.

The Play of the “Winter’s Tale,” after a repose of many years, was revived at this Theatre on Monday evening. Dryden and Pope, both of them great names, and possessed, we should have conceived, of a sound judgment as to poetical ability, were yet either so prejudiced or so careless in their observations as to speak but slightly of this production of our immortal Bard, and the latter of the two entertained an opinion that it was by no means his own work, but the offspring of some contemporary playwright; and in consequence of having been acted at his Theatre, had merely received some trifling touches from his matchless pen. Upon what grounds these opinions were first formed, we are at a loss to discover. The action is indeed not so essentially dramatic as it might be, and the Play, in consequence, produces but a doubtful sort of effect upon the stage; but it abounds with passages of extraordinary beauty, and contains scenes and characters, some of them not at all inferior to many of the best efforts from the same hand. Witness the whole of the first act, and the greater part of the fourth and fifth; the character of Perdita, so exquisitely touched; the naïveté of the Shepherd Clown; and the rogueries of Autolycus, so humorous, so entertaining, and so well kept up. The foreign critics likewise have passed their sentence of condemnation upon it, on account of its want of the unities of time and place, as they are called; but, with respect to these matters, Shakspeare was indifferent—his genius burst through the bonds that would have restrained men of ordinary minds—he comprehended days, and months, and years, in one tremendous grasp—his writings were “by law and process of great Nature, free and enfranchised.” The rules of art, which the ancients had established, he neglected or despised; they accorded not, as Johnson well observed, with the powers of his imagination, and he therefore shook them from him “like dew-drops from the lion’s mane.” We now come to speak of the performance. The cast was tolerably effective: Macready was the Leontes, whose first act is almost the whole of the part. In this the progressive advancement of the passion in the King’s mind, from love to

jealousy, from jealousy to hatred, and from hatred to revenge, was well imagined, but not so well executed; being wrought up to so high a pitch of desperation that many of the finest passages of the text were lost. In the next act he was more steady and collected; and in the last, the burst of passion and of feeling with which he accompanied his recognition of Hermione, and clasped her to his heart, recompensed us for his previous rapidity, and would have covered a multitude of much greater sins. Of Mrs. Bunn’s Hermione we must speak in terms of the most unqualified approval. She looked the character to admiration—she had all the graces suited to the part—and her trial scene exhibited a specimen of the pathetic which we did not give her the credit for possessing. Her tottering step—her tearful eyes—her utterance interrupted only by her sobs—her appeal to her jealous husband—her resignation to her untoward fate—and last, although not least, the heartfelt thankfulness with which, upon her “bended knees,” she received the decision of the oracle, and heard her own innocence proclaimed, were given in an admirable style and manner. But the triumph of her art was also reserved for the concluding scene. Here her personation of her own monument was the most picturesque and beautiful it is possible to conceive—her attitude—the arrangement of her drapery—her whole appearance; were indeed such as might have deceived the most accurate observer; and till, by the awakening charm of music, she turned her head towards Leontes, and descended from the pedestal, she literally appeared “whole as the marble, founded as the rock.” Wallack had but little to do in Florizel, but that little he did well. Mrs. West was more simple and unaffected than usual in Perdita, and, in consequence, more pleasing. Mrs. Glover’s Paulina, though clever, was by far too coarse: the part, it is true, warrants, nay, requires a certain boldness of expression, but her reproaches were too bitter and sarcastic; they were more like the invectives of an offended servant, than the remonstrances of an angry lady, the wife of a nobleman, and the companion of a queen. Munden’s Autolycus was “rich and rare.” It reminded us forcibly of what he was some twenty years ago. He is now almost too old for parts that require bodily activity; but, though the body may be unequal to the task, the mind, we are glad to see, is still vigorous and fresh; for, whether he appeared in his own character of a simple thief, or assumed that of a robbed and beaten traveller, or was the merry pedlar with his pack and tales of wonder, or the stiff courier in his borrowed robes, yet, in one and all, he was the same humorous, facetious rogue; and the spirit with which he topped his part convinces us, that when we lose him, “we ne’er shall look upon his like again.” The Clown, in Harley’s hands, was whimsical and entertaining; and Terry, in Autolycus, was blunt, crabbed, and amusing. The Play, as far as decoration goes, is pretty well got up; but what is the reason that no change was made in the dresses of many of the characters between the third and fourth acts? Can the audience suppose, for a moment, that Polixenes and Camillo can have lived sixteen years in Bohemia without undergoing the slightest alteration in their appearance, or once changing the fashion of their clothes? Can the shepherd and his

son, who find an infant in the third act, with propriety appear precisely the same persons in their air and dress when that infant has grown up to womanhood, and is receiving the addresses of a lover? Is the wardrobe of the Theatre really so scanty as not to be able to afford the necessary changes? or does the Manager think that the air of Bohemia "is favourable unto wearing apparel," and that, in such a climate, a velvet cloak will last for ever? Surely this mistake should be rectified; and if Mr. Archer will condescend to put on another wig, and paint a few wrinkles on his face, it will be all the better. Macready and Mrs. Bunn very properly attend to this, and why should not the rest?

On Tuesday, Liston made his first appearance this season in "*She Stoops to Conquer*," and was most favourably received. He exercised his accustomed power over the risible muscles of the audience, who were frequently convulsed with laughter. The Play was otherwise not particularly well done; Downton and Elliston were imperfect; and Miss L. Kelly is but a sorry substitute for Mrs. Davison, in Miss Harcastle.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

The hippo-dramatic mania with which the Lessee of Drury Lane has been recently infected, has, we are sorry to observe, been caught by the Proprietors of the rival Theatre, and we were favoured with an Opera, on Wednesday evening, calculated principally, we should presume, to call off the attention of the town from its gaudy and attractive neighbour. To enter into any sort of discussion as to the propriety of permitting these exhibitions upon the regular stage, is quite unnecessary. We believe there can be but one opinion upon the subject; we shall therefore leave the Managers and the Public to settle this matter in any way that may be most agreeable to themselves, and proceed to an examination of the Piece before us, which follows the leading events of Cortez famous expedition. With these materials to work upon, Mr. Planché has constructed a sort of Musical Melodrame, not altogether devoid of interest, but at the same time not entitled to rank above mediocrity. The scenery (for we must of course reverse the natural order of things when we speak of these heterogeneous productions) is extremely beautiful, particularly some of the landscapes, and the moonlight scene at the conclusion of the first act. The horses, which we are given to understand are French, have more activity and spirit than their four-footed brethren over the way; and their appearance, the Author informs us, "is sanctioned by history, and highly important to the interest and probability of the action." The dresses are all of them magnificent, and, we have reason to believe, perfectly correct as to their costume. The language, which is plentifully strewn with "seas of silver," "sands of gold," "Brothers of the Sun," and "Children of the Stars," contains nothing of novelty.

"The horses were objects of the greatest astonishment to all the people of New Spain; at first they imagined the horse and his rider, like the Centaurs of the ancients, to be some monstrous animal of a terrible form. Even after they discovered their mistake, they believed the horses devoured men in battle, and, when they neighed, they thought that they were demanding their prey."—Hecuba.

except the hard names of its similes, the superiority of which over the "venerable roses and lilies of Operatic notoriety," we confess we have not the sagacity to discover. The music, which is by Bishop, is deserving of great praise—the concerted pieces in particular, which are in his very best style. We now come to the Performers, who we must acknowledge exerted themselves to the utmost to do justice to their parts. Miss Love, who, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Tree, had taken the part of Merina at a very short notice, executed the songs entrusted to her with considerable taste and spirit. Miss Paton, in Amazitti, did not appear to so great advantage as she usually does; and we were somewhat at a loss to find out to what particular tribe of Mexicans she was intended to belong. Was it meant that she should represent some matchless creature fairer than the fairest of her countrywomen? Or has she a natural antipathy to "stain that whiter skin of hers than snow?" The latter we should suppose to be the case, and that she had obtained a dispensation from the Stage Manager to warrant the incongruity of her appearance. While Miss Love was of the colour of a walnut, she looked of the hue of a turnip. Mr. Cooper played the hero with dignity and feeling. Bennett and T. P. Cooke were rather too boisterous; and Fawcett, on the other hand, played the cowardly Farrier with much of his former spirit and vivacity. His character is indeed the only relief to the serious business of the piece. He had an excellent comic song, which was called for a second time; but it happened unfortunately that he "broke down" in his repetition of it, and was obliged to apply to the Prompter for assistance. Perhaps he had bargained with himself only to sing it once; or perhaps his memory is not calculated to last for ever. However this may be, the audience took it all in perfect good humour; and we have no doubt that Cortez, or the *Conquest of Mexico*, will have a successful career.

#### POLITICS.

THE gradual subsiding of the storm in Spain has left the Newspapers almost newsless. But for a murder, unequalled in the annals of English crime, we hardly know what topic could have engaged public attention.

#### VARIETIES.

There is a report, but we know not whence derived, that Captain Parry is likely to be employed again in a voyage of discovery, directed, in the first instance, towards Behring's Straits.

The Outcasts, a Romance, by Caroline Baronesse de la Motte Fouqué, translated by Mr. George Soane, is announced as being in the press.

The first Play of any mark or likelihood at Covent Garden is *John de Procida* (on an Italian story), a tragedy, by Mrs. Hemans. Young is to play John; and the piece is said to possess high poetical beauties. The Christmas Pantomime succeeds; also a new Opera, in which Mr. Sinclair is to follow up his appearance as Orlando, in the Cabinet; and in February, a Comedy, of fair report.

Royal patronage of Commerce and Industry in France.—The Duke de Doudeauville, the President of the Jury appointed to examine the respective merits of the various contributors to the recent Exhibition in the Louvre

of the products of French industry, made a Report lately to the King, in which he expatiated at considerable length on the benefits which France had derived from his Majesty's patronage of the useful Arts. The King's reply was full of kindness and condescension; and he immediately ordered the distribution of the prizes, which consisted of 12 Crosses of the Legion of Honour, 72 Gold Medals, 153 Silver Medals, and 250 Bronze Medals.—[This is another instance in which even the profusion of royal distinctions might be copied with advantage elsewhere.—Ed.]

A Scraper.—If we did but know in the evening what would take place the next morning, how many things we should do which we now abstain from doing, and how many things we should abstain from doing which we now do! Witness a poor author in Paris, who lately involved himself in a pitiable embarrassment. A petition having been prepared, protesting against certain severe decisions of the Dramatic Censorship, our author added his name to it, and it was presented. A few days afterwards, one of the Censors died. Our author hoping that his name would be unobserved among the number of names at the foot of the petition, and that at any rate his application would be unknown, ventured to solicit the vacant office against which he had so lately remonstrated. The indiscreet journals, however, published the list of the candidates, and the name of our ambidextrous gentleman was found among them! He ought to have imitated the prudence of one of his brethren, who replied, when the petition was offered to him to sign: "Gentlemen, having just heard that the place of a Dramatic Censor is vacant, I am about to ask for it, but I give you my word of honor that if I do not obtain it, I will sign your protest."

Grammatical Illustrations.—At a recent meeting of authors connected with the Theatre Feydeau, at Paris, one of them rendered himself very remarkable by the vivacity with which he insisted on the maintenance of their rights, and on the necessity of resisting the slightest invasion of them. His arguments were supported by another literary man, with equal vehemence.—A novice, who did not know these two gentlemen, asked his neighbour who they were. "He who spoke first," was the reply, "is M——, who, about twelve or fifteen years ago produced a comic Opera in one act, which was not so fortunate as to be heard to the end; the second is a young author of fifty, who has promised one day or other to furnish something for the Theatre Feydeau. Thus these two gentlemen may be said to represent two of the tenses in Grammar—the past, and the future."—This anecdote reminds one of Rivaroli, the son of an innkeeper, who in 1789, said to a nobleman of high rank, "Well! our peasants will destroy our rights—they will burn our castles."—"My friend," replied the Duke of —, "that plural of yours seems to me very singular."

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Walt's Bibliotheca Britannica, Part 10, 4to. 21s. Humboldt's Geognostical Essay on Rocks, 8vo. 4s. London and Paris, or Comparative Sketches, 8vo. 9s. Monholon's Memoirs of Napoleon, Vol. 3, 8vo. English; 24s. French.—Points of Mining, with Plates, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Königsmark, a Story of the New World, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Adventures of Congo, Memo. 3s. plain; col. 6s. 6d.—Forget me Not, for 1834, 12s.



**Classings from Pious Authors, 12mo. 6s.**—Sketches of Sermons, Vol. 6, 12mo. 4s.—Sharpe's Sermons, 8vo. 5s.—Allersson's Essay on Apparitions, post 8vo. 2s.—Chevalier's Lectures on the Human Body, 8vo. 12s.—Johnson's Observations on Colds, 8vo. 3s.—Dictionary of Quotations from British Poets (Part 1, Shakespeare.) 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Methodical Cyclopaedia, (Vol. 3, Mathematics,) royal 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Variety, or Stories for Children, 18mo. 4s. 6d. plain; 6s. col.—Livingston's Annual Register for 1811, 8vo. 20s.—Ellis's Customs and Excise Laws, 8vo. 21s.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 30	from 39 to 45	29.20 to 29.05
Friday . . . 31	from 37 to 43	29.03 to 29.05
Nov.—Sat. 1	from 37 to 46	29.60 to 29.84
Sunday . . . 2	from 28 to 43	29.96 to 30.03
Monday . . . 3	from 25 to 52	29.90 to 29.76
Tuesday . . . 4	from 46 to 52	29.60 to 29.49
Wednesday 5	from 37 to 50	29.58 to 29.60
Winds, N.E. & S.E. Generally cloudy and showery. On the 2d, clear.		
Rain fallen, 1 inch and .875 of an inch; of which 1 inch and .375 fell on the 30th ult.		
Edmonton.	C. H. ADAMS.	

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**LONDON MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.**—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held on Tuesday, the 11th of November instant, at Seven o'clock in the Evening, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of ESTABLISHING A LONDON MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE, when the attendance of all Mechanics and Friends of Mechanics favourable to the Proposition is respectfully requested.—The Chair to be taken at half-past Seven o'clock precisely.  
No. 24, Paternoster-row, Nov. 1, 1823.

**PRIVATE TUITION.**—GENTLEMEN are privately instructed in the MATHEMATICS, the CLASSICS, HISTORY, &c. by a GRADUATE of the University of Cambridge.  
Application may be made to Mr. A. J. Valpy, A.M. Red Lion Court, Fleet-street.

**COUNT LAS CASES' JOURNAL of the CONVERSATIONS of NAPOLEON.**—The Public are respectfully informed that this important and interesting Work is now concluded, by the publication of the 7th and 8th Parts; and those who have not yet completed their Sets, are requested to make application to their respective Booksellers.  
90, Conduit-street, Sept. 1823.

**Canadian Airs.**—Published this day, CANADIAN AIRS. Collected by Lieut. BACK, R.N. during the late Arctic Expedition under Capt. FRANKLIN, arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Edw. Knight, jun.; the Words by George Soane, Esq. A.B. Price 2s.  
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\* Manuscripts may be sent at any time; but to prevent disappointment, Conferences must be preceded by Letters; in answer to which, Mr. Bucke will appoint the most convenient time for Consultation.  
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No. 1, Pall-mall Terrace, Portenville.

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**WORKS of CANOVA.**—On the 1st of November was published, Part XIII. of a Series of Engravings in Outline, by Henry Moses, of the Works of ANTONIO CANOVA, in Sculpture and Modelling; with Descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi.

This Part contains, 1. Monument of Giovanni Falier—2. The Return of Telemachus—3. Terpsichore—4. Hector—5. Monument of Clement XIV.

This Work will be published Monthly, in Imperial 8vo. price 4s.; Imperial 4to. price 6s.; 50 Copies only will be taken off on India Paper, price 10s. 6d. Each Part will contain five Engravings, with Letter-press descriptions. Prospectuses of the Work may be had of the publisher, Septimus Proewett, 269, Strand, opposite Arundel-street.

**DAMM'S GREEK LEXICON.**—The Subscribers to the New Edition of DAMM'S GREEK LEXICON are respectfully informed, that it will hereafter be published in London by Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall Mall.

In consequence of this new arrangement, it is hoped that the Subscribers will excuse the delay of the publication of Part IV. from the 1st November to 1st December. The Printing of the Work is proceeding with rapidity, and the Public may rest assured that no other interruption will take place. A new Part will appear regularly every month, and the concluding one, with Title, Preface, &c. will be published on the 1st April 1824.

This New Edition of Damm's valuable Etymological Lexicon to Homer and Pindar, on a greatly improved arrangement, will be comprised in Eight Parts, beautifully printed in Quarto, price 10s. 6d. each. The Homerie Part may be had separately in Octavo, 7s. 6d. each Part; or on Royal Paper, 10s. 6d. A copious Prospectus may be had gratis of the Publishers.  
Glasgow University Press, Oct. 25, 1823.

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